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DREAMLAND OF POEMS

By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

Floating a-down the drowsy stream
Of a dream
Stroke by stroke,
Plying swift enchanted oars,
Soon I reached the twilight shores
Of immortal faery folk.

Everything around me there
Everywhere
Seemed to soak
In the twilight, strange and cold,
Twilight which is water-gold
For the bath of faery folk.

Soon I learned the ever young
Mother tongue
Which they spoke.
Every little flower that stirred
In the twilight was a word
Uttered by the faery folk.

Music sped along the air,
Silver mare
In full yoke;
Riding on her back they went,
Across the gold-blue firmament,
Country of the faery folk.

Colour was a poet, who
Around him drew
A magic cloak,
And sat looking all the time
For a quaint unusual rhyme
In the book of faery folk.

Soon a faery with her art
Won my heart
Strong as oak.
With her wand she cast her spell
In what manner, who can tell,
But the nimble faery folk.

My heart did seem to weep sad tears,
For years and years
Until it broke.
Because my hand she did refuse,
Since every faery can but choose
A faery from the faery folk.

Sobbing till I was nearly dead,...
Alive in bed
I awoke,
In the land of men again,
To know the wretchedness and pain
Unknown to the glad faery folk.

FOUR FAMOUS MOONLIT NIGHTS IN SHAKESPEARE

By H. Fitzgerald.

IN *The Merchant of Venice*, there is a famous passage in which Shakespeare unrolls before the vision four famous scenes, four pictures from the ancient literature of the world, in the quiet of moonlit nights.

Shylock's daughter, Jessica, sits with Lorenzo in the moonlight, waiting for Portia's return from the trial of Antonio. Their speeches melt into each other, thrilled with music and moonshine :—

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright.
In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night,

Jessica. Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson.

The four moonlit scenes, that the poet recalls, are :—

(1) In ancient mythology, human frailty was often attributed to the influence of the gods. The wrong that old King Priam's son, Paris, did in carrying away the beautiful Helen from her home and her husband, Menelaus, King of Sparta, was inspired by the goddess Venus. It so happened that Eris, the goddess of Discord, was not invited to a marriage feast, and being enraged at the slight she threw the proverbial Apple of Discord among the guests, describing the gift as the prize of the fairest. Among the three, Minerva, Juno and Venus, the fairest was to be determined. So, they chose the Trojan prince, Paris, as the Judge, each seeking to win his verdict in her favour with gifts that her highest powers could bestow. His choice fell on Venus, and the goddess of Love guided him to Helen. Juno, slighted by the Trojan affront to her beauty, became the bitter enemy of Paris and of Troy. When Helen was carried off, all the Greek kings were called upon to defend and avenge her in fulfilment of the oath they had sworn at her marriage. And thus it was that they came to Troy and were engaged before her walls in a ten-years siege.

Troilus was one of Priam's fifty sons and was killed in the long war. He was in love with Cressida, the fair but fickle daughter of Calchas, the priest of Apollo. She was a captive, whom the Greeks demanded in exchange for an important Trojan prisoner. From Troilus of Troy she went to the Greek Diomedes, and transferred her affections, disregarding the vow to remain true to Priam's son unto her last breath.

"In such a night," when the moon shone bright, and the sweet wind gently kissed the trees that made no noise, Troilus stood upon the walls of Troy and gazed into the velvet darkness towards the Greek camp where his beloved lay. A little while after Ulysses conducted him thither secretly, and Troilus found that Cressida loved him no more.

(2) The story of Thisbe and the lion is very ancient, having reached old Greece from older Babylon. It tells of the love between Thisbe and Pyramus. The two families lived in Babylon side by side, but a family feud had kept them apart. Thisbe and Pyramus loved in secret, for they were not allowed to meet. Through an opening in the wall between their two houses, they whispered their love and sealed their kisses on its stones. Their parents opposed their union till at last the lovers decided to meet at the tomb of Ninus. Thisbe, putting on a veil, went to the rendezvous, but Pyramus was late. Thisbe arrived at the tomb and sat down beneath a white mulberry tree, waiting for her lover. Suddenly, she saw a lion, who was on his way to quench his thirst at a pool of water close by, coming in her direction. and she was greatly alarmed. In her terror, Thisbe ran away for safety to a cave, letting her veil fall in her flight. The lion seized the veil and, after struggling with it for a time, dropped it, stained with blood from his teeth. While Thisbe was in hiding, Pyramus came and saw the blood-stained veil. He immediately thought that Thisbe had fallen a prey to the beast, and, reproaching himself madly for his late arrival, fell upon his sword. Then Thisbe returned and seeing her lover dead she too joined him, using the sword by which he had killed himself. Their blood mingled, and was taken up by the roots of the mulberry, as the legend goes, and in their pitiful remembrance mulberries have ever since been red.

(3) Then appears Dido "in such a night". Dido was a beautiful Phoenician princess from the city of Tyre, where she had been married to Sychaeus who was slain by Pygmalion, the king of Tyre and brother of Dido, for the sake of his riches. When Dido learnt it, she secured the great treasure of gold and silver which Pygmalion had coveted and, gathering together a small host of Phoenicians who were disgusted with the tyranny of Pygmalion, sailed away.

On reaching the African shore, Dido bargained for a piece of land as large as an ox-hide would cover : but she caused the hide to be cut into strips, and with them enclosed a much larger area. On this she built a citadel and called it Byrsa, meaning a hide. And around it sprang the famous city of Carthage, which had already begun to flourish when the Trojans led by Aeneas arrived there. Dido received them at her court warmly. and entertained them to a great banquet, at which Aeneas related the story of the siege of Troy, the tale of the wooden horse, the fate of Laocoon,

the burning of the city, his own flight and appalling adventures by sea and land, and his final arrival at Carthage. Dido and Aeneas became enamoured of one another and fell deeply in love.

Meanwhile, Aeneas had forgotten that prophecy had ordained his voyage to Italy to found a new Trojan empire. But Jove sent his messenger, Mercury, to remind him of it. Thereupon Aeneas ordered his men to get ready for secret departure. But Dido discovered his intended flight, and in a most pathetic manner implored him not to desert her. But destiny meant otherwise. Aeneas set sail on the night when the moon was shining bright. "In such a night" Dido stood on the sea-sands, and, as the fleet moved off with level sails, called in vain for her lover to return.

Her deserted love, kindled into hatred, inspired her to pray that enmity might henceforth prevail between the Trojans and the Carthaginians :

> "I pray that shore may be against shore, sea against sea, army against army; may both they that live now and their posterity be enemies."

The heart-broken Dido then had her funeral pyre prepared, and laying on it all the clothes and arms that Aeneas had left behind, she cast herself into the red flames.

(4). Medea, the last of the figures of whom Shakespeare thinks, was the tragic heroine of the Golden Fleece, in quest of which, soon after the fall of Troy, Jason, accompanied by demigods and heroes from all parts of Greece, sailed to Colchis, where the treasure was detained by King Aeetes. When Jason arrived at Colchis, the King promised to deliver the Golden Fleece if he would perform certain tasks, which were seemingly impossible. He was the first to yoke two fire-breathing bulls with feet of brass, and then sow the teeth of the dragon which Cadmus had killed.

Medea was the handsome daughter of King Aeetes. As Jason beheld her, he was enamoured of her beauty and Medea herself fell passionately in love with him. Devoted as they became to one another, they together vowed before the altar of Hecate to remain true.

When the time for Jason to perform the task came, Medea, who possessed the power of sorcery, gave him a charm that enabled him to seize successfully the fleece. He then fled with Medea back to his native land.

Jason was welcomed by great rejoicings; but his father Aeson had grown very old and weak. Jason appealed to the fair Medea to restore the old man to youth, so that he might share their happiness. Medea invoked the aid of Hecate, the presiding deity of magic and enchantment ; and, "in such a night" when the full moon shone, riding in a chariot drawn by winged serpents, she travelled into far-off lands for nine nights in search of herbs. She returned with them and made some wondrous nectar. Aeson drank it, and lo, the old man became young and sturdy !

Such, then, were the four famous scenes from the ancient classical literature of the world, that passed across the vision of Jessica and Lorenzo, as they sat that moonlight night when Antonio was hastening to the home of Portia.

CLEOPATRA, THE SERPENT OF THE NILE

By N. B.

CLEOPATRA! How vividly the name stands out in perspective from among the great ones who have made history during these twenty centuries! Lovely, daring and voluptuous, few have equalled her, though many, like her, have succumbed to tragic fate. Her personality has furnished the subject-matter for not a few written works, chief of which is Shakespeare's immortal drama.

Born in 69 B.C., the daughter of the Ptolemaic kings of Egypt, whose dynasty had ruled the country for nearly three hundred years at the time, she evinced very early in life, all the brilliancy of mental outfit, which characterised her in her maturer age. Her birthplace was Alexandria, the then capital of Egypt, famous as the centre of culture in all the West, with its vast libraries, museums and palaces of art. Cleopatra drank deep at the fountain of knowledge and, by the age of fourteen, she could speak fluently seven or eight languages, which were then current in her cosmopolitan capital. In her, we find embodied the cultural grace, as well as the vicious sediments, of three civilisation, viz.,—the already decayed indigenous Egyptian, the recently fallen Greek and the then robust Roman. Added to these, were inborn wit, personal charm, daring ambition, utter unscrupulousness and cruelty, the hereditary products of the Ptolemic dynasty.

Her father the king, who loved her dearly, died when she was seventeen years of age, and the kingdom, according to custom, fell jointly to herself and her brother, who was then a boy of twelve, and whom by the custom of the country she ought to have married. She ruled for about two years, with such independence of spirit and reckless daring, that the ministers and nobles were reduced to abject servility, with the result that they rose in a body and, planting the standard of revolt in the name of her brother, succeeded in driving her out of the country. She fled to Syria with a few followers and, not content to accept defeat, made preparations to regain her throne.

In Rome at the time, two great rivals were fighting for supreme power —Julius Cæsar and Pompey. Cæsar had returned to his country after an absence of ten years, having conquered Gaul and Britain, to find Pompey the supreme ruler at Rome. Cæsar defeated his opponent in the great battle of Pharsalia, and pursued him into Egypt. The factional unrest then prevailing in Egypt greatly exercised his attention, lest it should spread into Rome and infect the Roman body politic with its partisan spirit. Cleopatra, in the meanwhile, had resolved to seek Cæsar's aid,

and, being afraid to present herself before him openly, had herself conveyed to his room, rolled in a rug. There she suddenly appeared before him and in her most seductive attitude pressed her suit. Cæsar, the soldier, statesman and scholar, surrendered himself a slave to her charms and promised to settle the crown of Egypt on her. But, as her brother and his admirers were not willing to accept Cæsar's proposals, he made war on them, in which her brother was killed. Cleopatra regained her throne.

Sometime after, Cleopatra followed her lover to Rome, where she lived openly as his mistress. This created a considerable scandal even in that wicked city, where morality among the highest was a rare phenomenon in those spacious days. It was during this period that Mark Antony had ample occasion to see her and conceive in his simple heart that mad desire which eventually proved his utter ruin.

After the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra returned to Egypt and resumed her rule. During the Triumvirate, which was set up after the civil war, Mark Antony, the head of all the Eastern possessions of Rome, then camping in Cilicia, had occasion to summon the Queen of Egypt to make her account for some actions committed by her, which were considered inimical to Roman interests. Most probably Antony had a deeper motive in thus summoning her to his presence and Cleopatra appears to have been sure of her triumph over Antony, even before she started to obey his summons.

She set out on her trip up the Cydnus in most magnificent array, the like of which had been never known before. The royal barge, in which she travelled, was finished with plate of gold, the oars were all of silver and the canopy overhead was of purple. She was dressed in splendour like a goddess, while beautiful boys with rosy, dimpled cheeks and in costumes fashioned like little angels stood near, gently waving fans. The rowers rowed to the tunes of soft music and thus in triumph she met Antony. He was struck by her beauty and splendour and welcomed her in a manner befitting her state. No trace of anger at her alleged traitorous conduct was to be seen on his face. He invited her to a magnificent supper, which however she refused to attend, saying that it was her duty to wait upon him. So she prepared a feast for him.

Antony came. He, the simple soldier, accustomed only to the rough comforts of a camp, was struck dumb at the splendour and profusion of her welcome. Thousands of lights, costliest dishes containing an untold variety of luxurious delicacies, coverings of cloth of gold, shapely goblets set with precious stones, beautiful slaves silently standing in prompt attendance—these, accompanied by strains of soft langourous music, were the welcome trap set for Antony. The brave warrior fell into the pit of desire and was lost irretrievably. He gradually neglected the affairs of state and finally accompanied her to Egypt.

At Alexandria, they lived together, spending their time and wealth in extravagant banquets. Together they rode, hunted, fished or rowed along the Nile. They used to wander together at nights in disguise, committing scandalous pranks, totally insensible of the

great responsibility which lay on their shoulders. These reports duly reached Rome and Antoay was recalled by his partners in world-dominion.

Antony's family was at war with Octavius, who was then ruling at Rome and, when peace was established between them subsequently, he married Octavia, the sister of Octavius, in token of lasting amity. Octavia was a noble woman and she made an excellent wife for Antony. He lived out of Egypt for about three years and almost forgot that country and her wanton queen. But, fate dragged Antony back to the East, when war was declared against the Parthians, to conduct which, he set out in person. There, the remembrance of Egypt and its pleasures awoke in his memory and, neglecting the important war, he set out to Alexandria and rejoined his royal mistress. The old life of luxury and wantonness was begun again. Insensible of his duty to Rome, he gave Cleopatra a large portion of his Eastern dominions, viz.,—Phoenecia, Syria, Cilicia and parts of Judea and Arabia. These were possessions of the Roman nation assigned to him on trust to administer, which he had no right to part with.

Octavius set out with an army, which, though smaller in comparison than Antony's, was better disciplined and less spoilt by indolence and luxury. Antony also set out to oppose him, and, instead of meeting him on land, where he had a better chance of success, decided on the advice of Cleopatra to fight him on sea. Cleopatra had provided him with two hundred galleys and a sum equal to nearly five million pounds sterling. The memorable battle was fought at Actium in Greece, one of the greatest of naval fights in ancient times. The events of the day turned almost in favour of Antony, when Cleopatra, his evil genius, believing that he was defeated, set sail with her ships to Egypt, with the result that Octavius remained master of the engagement, and Antony, the one-time greatest soldier of Rome, shamefully deserted his men, to follow her. Antony's hopes were for ever dashed to the ground. His soldiers went over to the enemy. Octavius promptly followed up his victory into Egypt. Cleopatra attempted to make her peace with Rome, by offering submission. Octavius replied that the only way left to her for peace was to slay Antony and then submit to himself.

The subsequent developments of this infamous affair are tragic in the extreme. Antony, suspecting Cleopatra's intention to betray him, stormed and raged and resolved to wreak terrible vengeance on the woman, on whose account he had lost his empire and his name. Cleopatra was alarmed and concealed herself in a tomb which she had built; and, not considering the possible effects of the news on Antony, sent word to him that she was dead. Antony's mind now changed suddenly. He grieved deeply over her death and resolved not to outlive his beloved mistress. He asked his slave, Eros, to kill him. The latter, though bound by oath to do so, had not the courage for the deed. He drew his sword and, turning aside, plunged it into his own bosom. Antony then tried to kill himself by drawing his sword and falling upon it. He was wounded severely. He begged those who were near him to finish the gruesome deed. But none dared to do so. In the meanwhile, he learnt that

Cleopatra was not dead, and was carried to her. She being afraid that the enemy's troops might enter if she opened the door of the tomb, had his body lifted up by means of a rope, and Antony breathed his last in her arms.

Cleopatra's position was now extremely critical. Her folly had been the cause of all this ruin. It had been her evil star that had dragged the brave Antony to his infamous end. Yet, she had not the courage to kill herself, or perhaps the desire of life offered sweeter hopes in company with Octavius, now the sole master of the Roman Empire. But, she found herself a prisoner in her enemy's hands. Octavius refused to fall a prey to her artful blandishments, and, though he treated her outwardly with every consideration due to her rank, she learnt of his intention to carry her a captive to Rome. This settled her course. In spite of the strictest guard placed upon her, she found means of death to enable her to escape the shame and ignominy of her fate. She had already experimented on the effects of various poisons on her slaves and had by such means successfully removed many who had stood in her path of vice. She was found dead, arrayed in her best robes, with the diadem of the last of the Ptolemies placed on her head. She died in 30 B.C., in her 39th year, by the poison of an asp it was said, carried within a basket of figs.

THE RAINBOW.

All life without beauty, is vain,
Enchantments at random, are best;
I walked in the sunshine and rain,
And with such a vision was blest..

An arch, like a fairy-bridge spread
Thro' the vault of the shimmering blue,
And it seemed that the ends of it led
Into heavens of colour in dew.

I never have seen such a sight,
So full of resplendence and joy:
Nor felt, in a purer delight,
Such magic my senses employ.

Herbert Porter.

THE "WEAKER VESSEL" IN THE EARLY CHURCH

By the Rev. David Chellappa C. S. S.

THOSE of my readers, who are votaries of *Punch*, may remember a picture, which appeared some years ago, of a little boy, being reproved by his father for having allowed himself to be beaten in a school examination by a "*mere* girl." "But, papa," pleaded the young hopeful, "girls are not longer as *mere* as they used to be." If one thing is clear beyond doubt in this modern world of ours, it is that neither girls nor women any longer answer to the description of 'mere'—not even Indian women! The *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, not to mention others of the kind, will alone give the lie to any such idea.

I hope to show in the following paragraphs that woman held a very important position in the primitive Church—a position which was a great advance upon that given her by Judaism and contemporary Paganism, and from which she has been ousted since the Church fell away from the high standards of the New Testament. Often in Old Testament times, women did rise to be leaders of their nation; but, speaking generally, by the time of Christ, Judaism had already placed a stamp of inferiority on its womenfolk. Thus, a devout Hebrew could thank Jehovah in these words: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast not made me a woman." This was not really a great improvement on the Babylonian Code, which decreed that, "If a husband say unto his wife, Thou art not my wife, he shall pay her one *mina* and be free. But, if a woman repudiate her husband, she shall be thrown in the river."

The history, however, of the early Church, tells a different and a pleasanter tale. Women figure prominently as enemies, hinderers, friends or as supporters of the Gospel. St. Luke, the auther of the *Acts of the Apostles*, records that, at Pisidian Antioch, "the Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women ... and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts;" and St, Paul, writing to his Philippian converts "beseeches Euodia and Syntyche that they be of the same mind in the Lord." St. Paul had many delightful women friends, with whom he moved on terms of equality and who influenced him greatly. Priscilla, the wife of Aquila, the probable author of that unique document, the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, greatly stimulated his mind by her contact and conversation, and it has been pointed out that "it was after his (St. Paul's) intercourse with Aquila and Priscilla that he earnestly desired to see Rome." He calls them (who, incidentally, were entrusted

by him with special work at Ephesus during his absence in Jerusalem), "my fellow-workers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks." At Phillippi, where his first European converts were gained, the membership of the Church was largely composed of women; and not a few of the "chief women" confessed conversion at Thessalonica. One of the two women converts at Athens mentioned by name is a woman, Damaris; and the names also of Lydia, Chloe and Phoebe will be familiar to my readers.

Phoebe, it is interesting to note, was a *deaconess*; and we may accept it on the authority of so competent an authority as Dr. Plummer that, as a deaconess, she was one of those women officials of the Church who had "to distribute the alms of the congregation and to minister to the needs of the poor; they were the church's relieving officers. They may also have helped to order the men and the women in public worship."

But all this is not to deny that St. Paul's views on the "Woman Question" were conditioned by the existing circumstances and even the prejudices of the world around him. We must not, therefore, be surprised to find him telling his Corinthian fellow-Christians that "man was not created for woman, but woman for man," and that it was unseemly for a woman to go unveiled into a Church, or to talk there. But, as Dr. Glover asks in his *Paul of Tarsus*, "Why should a Christian woman discard a veil, in a town where decent women did not, and where indecent women swarmed about temples and docks?" But, as Deaconess Creighton of Madras pertinently remarks, "when Church authorities insist on a woman being veiled in the presence of the congregation (to-day), we shall have to acknowledge that they are at least consistent, for St. Paul's injunction is not met by the wearing of a modern hat, for while a veil is worn to conceal the countenance, a hat is nearly always chosen to enhance its charm!"

"No-changers", who base their arguments for the undesirability of ordaining women Priests on those sayings of St. Paul referred to in the foregoing paragraph, conveniently forget the great ideal he enunciates more than once in his Epistles: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are alone in Christ Jesus." The ordination of women to the Priesthood in the Christian Church, we may confidently say, is only a matter of time. Woman is naturally more religious than man, and it is only right and proper that in the Church of the future, she should be recognised as an archpriestess of religion. As time goes on, the Church will find that it cannot afford, consistently with its welfare and even with its survival, to treat woman as a subordinate part of the human family and to forbid her that free opportunity for the exercise of her gift, which it insistently urges upon man.

SOME OLD KINGDOMS OF TRAVANCORE

(ABOUT 300 YEARS AGO)

By A Journalist

ABOUT the year 1660, the present prosperous state of Travancore consisted of several independent kingdoms ruled by separate kings or queens. From the Portugese and Dutch records, it is seen that the Rulers of these principalities were very powerful in those days. The following short account of them will not be found uninteresting :—

(1) *Venad.* (Travancore proper) was the southern most of these kingdoms. It extended from Cape Comorin to Parur, near Quilon. This was Travancore proper. The rulers of this kingdom were very powerful in ancient days and had extensive lands in the British Districts of Tinnevelly and Madura. The well-known missionary, Francis Xavier, describes the king of Travancore as "the great king of Travancore" and speaks of him as "having had authority over all South India." The early Portugese "found the king of Travancore the legitimate Sovereign of the whole of the South of Tinnevelly and he is said to have at one time levied tribute from Ceylon and ventured to challenge to battle the powerful king of Vijayanagar." The Dutch captain Nieuhoff describes the Travancore of those days thus :—"..........The kingdom of Travancore (thus called from its capital city) begins at the Cape of Comory or Comorin, and extends all along the sea-coast as far as Koulang, comprehending a tract of ground 20 or 24 leagues in length : the famous village of Parur, belonging to the queen of Singnaty being only in the midst. To the East it borders upon the kingdom of Madura, and to the West upon the countries of Peretaly and Cotarkery (Kottarakara). It has several considerable villages which are inhabited by the Moors such as Tengapatenam, Kulethure (Kuzhithura)....................
.................". ....

"Kalkolang (Kalkulam) is a very large city, being a league and a half long, upon the confines of the Neyk of Madura. It is situated upon a high hill 3 leagues from Tengapatenam, and 12 from Koulang ; being on one side strengthened by inaccessible mountains, on the other by a wall the undermost part of which is of stone, the upper-most of brick work in all 24 feet high. The royal Palace stands at the West end being surrounded by a stone wall. On the East side you see the ruins of an old castle built on the top of a hill, fortified by a triple wall. The city of Kalkoulang is the chief residence of the king, who constantly keeps a garrison of 10,000 Negroes (Nairs) to secure it against the Neyk of Madura, whose power is much dreaded here."...................."

Padmanabhapuram was the capital town of Travancore then and the Raja lived in the Padmanabhapuram Palace. Kottar was an important commercial centre in those days, and Cape Comorin Varkalay and Thiruvellam were places of Pilgrimage in the state. The great Thirumala Naick's army from Madura invaded Venad in 1635 and took possession of Southern Nanjinad, Thiruppathisaram and other places. The Dutch and the English came to Venad and entered into treaties with the Venad Rajas for pepper and other articles. During the time of Maha Raja Marthanda Varma (1729-1758), the Kingdom of Venad became a big state. Maharaja Marthanda Varma and his able minister, Ramayyan Dalawah, conquered the several independent kingdoms north of Venad, (viz.,) Quilon (Desinganad), Kottarakara, Neduvangad, Kayangulam, Martha (Maruthukulangara), Trikkunnapuzha (Vettimani), Ampalapuzha, Thekkumkoor, Vadakkumkoor &c., and made Venad (Travancore) a very large state extending from Cape Comorin to Cochin, ie. the present Travancore. But the kingdom of Attingal was not alone conquered, but amalgamated with Travancore under a treaty entered into between the Queen of Attingal and the Maharaja of Travancore. Later on, the Head-quarters of the Maharaja was transferred from Padmanabhapuram to Trivandram, the present capital of Travancore.

(2) *Attingal.* From several old records it is seen that Attingal was originally a powerful kingdom altogether different from Venad. It is said that Attingal kingdom was *Kupaka Rajyam.* In 1677, Van Rheed, the Dutch Governor of Ceylon, in one of his writings, says the following about the Queen of Attingal. "..................the Princess of Attingal, who is not alone the mother of Travancore, but the eldest Tippaposorewam, has a large territory of her own, independent of Travancore, and is in alliance with the Honorable company. Along with the old princess lives a younger one, but of such noble and manly conduct that she is both feared and respected by every one, some out of respect to her sex and others out of regard to the old queen, which this youngest Princess knows so well how to turn to her advantage that she not only rules Attingah, but Travancore itself, within whose bounds no Princess may set her feet according to their laws, nor pass the river Canimani, on pain of forfeiting their rights, but this young Amazon has lately violated those customs and made even the king fly before her."......................

In the year 1684, the English East India Company obtained from the Rani of Attingal (Her Highness Umayamma Rani) a sandy spot of land at Anjengo and appointed a commercial Resident there. Here the English Company entered into an agreement with the queen of Attingal and got much of pepper and piece goods. In 1690 the queen of Attingal granted the Company permission to erect a fort there and the fort at Anjengo was completed by the Hon. East India company about the year 1695. Surgeon Ives in his Diary, dated 17th December 1757, gives the following description of the Anjengo fort :—

"...Anjengo Fort is small but neat and strong: it is a square with four bastions, having eight guns mounted on each, carrying a ball of eighteen pounds. Two of these bastions face the sea, the

other two the country. Besides these, there is a line of 18 or 20 guns, pointing towards the sea, of eighteen and twenty-four pounders. About a pistol shot from the back of the fort runs a river which, besides a security to the factory, adds much to the agreeable situation of the place"......

When Anjengo was founded it was given a prominent position in India; it was second only to Bombay castle and the chief of Anjengo was ranked second in council. "In 1776 it was reduced to the status of a Residency. In 1813 the factory was abolished and soon after the revenues of the villages were farmed to the Travancore State. During the Carnatic war, Anjengo was of great use to the English as a depot for military stores and as the place from which news of outward-bound ships reached Madras."........

During the reign of Maha Raja Marthanda Varma, the Kingdom of Attingal was amalgamated with Travancore (Venad). Walter Hamilton in his account of the East Indies writes about this amalgamation thus:—

"............ The Tampurattis of Attingara (Attingal) possessed the sovereignty of Travancore from remote antiquity, until Raja Marthanda Varma .... persuaded the Tampuraty to resign the sovereign authority to the Rajas, both for herself and for all succeeding Tampuratees. To perpetuate these conditions a regular treaty was executed between the Raja and the Tampuratty, which was inscribed on a silver plate, and ratified by the most solemn imprecations limiting the successions to the offsprings of the Attinga Tampuratties. Having concluded this arrangement, Raja Marthanden Varmah directed his arms against the neighbouring states." ....

This silver plate was in the palace for a long time, but it is said that soon after the death of Bala Rama Varma Maharaja in the year 1810, a young prince of the Mavelikara Royal family, who was staying with His Highness Bala Rama Varma at Trevandram and who was one of the rival claimants to the throne of Travancore, took possession of the plate and destroyed it. This prince was afterwards sent as a state prisoner first to Tellichery and afterwards to Chingleput. Though the then Rani of Attingal resigned the sovereign right of the kingdom to Raja Marthanda Varma, she was given all the rights and privileges of a sovereign and the income from the Attingal kingdom was completely set apart for her use. The Pakuthies included in the Attingal kingdom are, Edakode, Elampa, Mudakkal, Alencode, Avanavancherry, Attingal and Kil-Attingal. The Ranis of Travancore are even now styled Attingal Ranis. The present Senior Rani of Attingal is Her Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai. C. I., L. L. D., the Senior Maharani of Travancore, who ruled Travancore as Regent for seven years, and who has recently been honored by the Madras University conferring on Her Highness the degree of L. L. D. It is said that about the year 1600 the then queen of Attingal had 30,000 soldiers under her at Attingal, and the Raja of (Venad) Travancore 100,000 soldiers.

It is also seen from the writings of European travellers that Venad, Attingal and Quilon kingdoms were ruled by kings or queens who were

related to each other. Once we find the queen of Attingal ruling the whole of Venad (Travancore) also and another time we find this Attingal Tampuratti ruling the kingdom of Quilon as well, as regent during the minority of her brother the minor Raja of Quilon, and concluding treaties &c with the Portugese at Quilon (Vide treaty of Quilon dated 25th September 1516, with the Portugese and the Rani of Attingal, the regent of Quilon).

From all these, it is seen that the Ranis of Attingal, or the queens of Attingal, were very powerful in those days and that the kingdom of Attingal played an important part in the history of Travancore. Even now the kingdom of Attingal has its own special recognised rights and privileges and the Senior Rani of Attingal is considered equal to a ruling sovereign in several respects.

(*To be continued.*)

H. H. THE JUNIOR MAHARANEE OF TRAVANCORE.

The return of Her Highness, the Junior Maharani of Travancore, with her daughter, from her Europeon Tour, is a "landmark in social reform in Travancore." Her Highness showed so much courage in breaking from the ancient custom that any member of a Royal family who goes to a foreign land loses caste and prestige in the temple, that even extreme orthodoxy seems to have become reconciled, more or less, to the innovation. Added to these are other benefits We cannot do better here than quote part of the address presented to her by the citizens of Travancore.

"On this happy occasion of your home-coming after an extensive European tour, we the public of Trivandrum, beg leave to offer Your Highness and the First Princess a loyal and hearty welcome and tender our respectful felicitation on your safe return. Never before in the annals of Travancore did a member of the Ruling family of this ancient kingdom leave the shores of India, and it was left to you to make a bold departure from the *mamool*, and undertake a long and tedious journey across the seas, unmindful of personal discomforts and inconveniences.

"It is a source of gratification and pride to us that Your Highness's sojourn in the metropolis of the Empire should have contributed not a little to a correct appreciation there of the high traditions of our State, and the pre-eminent position of our country among the Indian States, and to the recognition of the great progress and enlightment in all directions, it has achieved under the aegis of a long and illustrious line of Rulers, whose one object has ever been the promotion of the happiness and prosperity of their subjects.

"The noble sentiments which Your Highness gave expression to on your arrival in London about the progress our women have made in diverse fields of activities, are still ringing in our ears.

"We have no doubt that the material and moral conditions of the West will not have failed to attract Your Highness's observant eyes, and that your powers of assimilation, coupled with your sense of discrimination, will have enabled Your Highness to appreciate the true value of the many economic and social changes that are taking place in the social and economic outlook in the West. Your Highness's talent and equipment, enriched by this Western travel and experience, will, we are confident, be of immense advantage to His Highness the Maharajah, whose training and up-bringing as an ideal Ruler of this State, which had a glorious past, has always been Your Highness's most cherished concern."

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Her Highness Setu Parvati Bai,

the Junior Maharanee of Travancore, who has just returned from her European tour. She was accorded a warm reception on her arrival by the private and public institutions of Trivandrum.

Photo :—*R Venkoba Rao, Srirangam*

Mrs. Poonen Lukhose, B. A., M. B. B. S., Senior Surgeon, who has been appointed Head of the Medical Department in Travancore. She is the first lady to hold the post. Mrs. Lukhose has acted as Durbar Physician.

Mrs. Kamla Sethi, M. A. in Economics of the Punjab University has this year been elected a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Miss (Dr.) Maitreyee Bose, M B. (Calcutta) House surgeon, Chita Ranjan Seva Sadan Women's Hospital, Calcutta, who has been awarded a scholarship by Munich University, Germany, to prosecute her higher studies in medicine in that University.

Photos:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangum*

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) THE MODERN WORLD

WHEN the great judging-day of the world arrives, and all humanity wakes up to greet its Maker, what will be said of the Modern Woman? The Victorian woman will rise up and say: "Oh woman, daughter of the stars, how art thou fallen," and all the time her tongue will be in her cheek. And what about the future? When the modern woman is no longer modern, but has generations of moderns ahead of her, will these rise up and call their ancestress blessed? I wonder!

A hard lot is indeed that of the modern woman. The plaything of a transitory age, the craze of a mad phase, the goddess of a new birth, she is the most misinterpreted thing on earth. Will she ever find herself understood and appreciated?

It is in India that the worst occurs. Now that the young woman here is standing up for herself, flaunting her independence, and flouting her elders, what is there not said of her? "She is fast, she is forward, she is too fond of fun and excitement, she flirts too much, she cannot be happy in the company of women, she loves to push, she makes herself too prominent, she is not steady or efficient. she is not domestic enough, she can never be a good wife or mother, she thinks too much of herself."

Yet, even in India, do we not somehow feel more comfortable in the presence of the modern girl than we did before her sister of an older period? Have we not learnt to depend on her, in spite of everything, and to feel that she can somehow carry things through? Have we not felt ourselves roused by her energy? We have; there is no doubt of that.

How anxious is youth to discover things. "Modern youth opening millions of clean young eyes to gaze upon the wonders of a new heaven and a new earth and mad to explore it all from zenith to depths; youth, suddenly crazed by an overwhelming desire for truth, after aeons and aeons of lies. Explore, venture, achieve, live; demand truth, exact it, face it, and know! the mighty voiceless cry of the World's Youth—clamouring freedom to seek, liberty to live, fearless, untramelled, triumphant! A terrible indictment of Age, and of those age-governed aeons, which for ever have passed away! Already the older, duller generation have caught the vast vibration of young hearts beating to arms, young voices swelling the tremendous, universal cry of insurgence, a clear ceaseless, sea-like sound of laughter proclaiming the death of *Sham*, ringing an endless silvery requiem."

If the new life were only a desire for truth and a hatred of sham, how right would things be? But it is not. Modern life is not only that; it is not merely the legitimate arena for young people to exercise themselves in; and alas the pity of it!

The drastic passage, which I have quoted above, is from one of R.W. Chamber's novels; and the same book proceeds

to criticise the spirit of the modern world, which, instead of opening out a natural stage for the haters of sham, proceeds to camouflage them with more sham. The old way of trying to get beauty and health out of life, may have deteriorated by too much conventional rigidity; yet the new way, which is "the sinister cult of dullness, perversity, ugliness," partakes still more of degeneracy. "There is the worse phenomenon—the degenerate writer, painter, sculptor, who sees ugliness in beauty, decay in health, atrophy in the normal, and who carricatures the healthy and beautiful living model to evolve the ugly spectres that haunt his brain."

There is disregard of truth. While trying to make people better by not telling them falsehoods, modernism errs by dishing up distorted truths. "The truths leered at, or slurred over, or ignored by convention, can be decently presented in proportion to their importance. But satyrism in art!"

Then, in the crase for realism, comes the desire for the unusual, which by its very newness can be made to appear real. And everywhere grand art and good workmanship are lost sight of. "It's a jerry-age; jerry-built houses, furniture, machinery; jerry-built literature, music. drama; jerry-built nations too and marriages and children and everything that once required good workmanship."

R. W. Chambers treads with a heavy foot and probably sees the worst in every evil. But, in every exaggeration, there must be a little evidence of truth; and he indicates it. He tells us the real truth about ourselves by calling modernism degeneracy. Is he not right in a way? Is it not against human nature constantly to dwell on what is morbid, cynical and passionate, in trying to pick out deformity and ugliness? And is it not in the nature of the human soul to dwell upon and love beauty and wholesomeness in everything? The only truth needed is harmony; the only realism required is genuineness.

"I tell you that beauty is good and right. It is salvation. It is the goal. And I tell you that the use of evil is to know beauty in brighter, more perfect relief. That is its *only* use in art. And evil should never be the theme, nor bask in the spotlight. All its arrows should point inward to that one divine and ultimate spot, the touch of highest value in Rembrandt's canvasses, the supreme pin-point of clarity and glory, beauty, symmetrical, flawless and eternal."

It is very seldom that one can reach this view-point. But one can dream of it, think of it, and perhaps attain to a shadow of it. "Unhappiness, ugliness, squalour, misery, evil—in the midst of these, or of the even more terrible isolation of the lonely mind, always one can summon courage to dream nobly. And what one dares dream, one can become often, outwardly and actually."

In conclusion, let me quote a passage from one of the messages of Dr. Tagore, which bears out what I have said:

"His world of beauty surrounds us, our life is his gift of love. The play of love begins—*lila* as we call it in India—now to be the union of our human civilization of beauty with God's own world of creation.

My friends, let us not bring discord into this beautiful world. something

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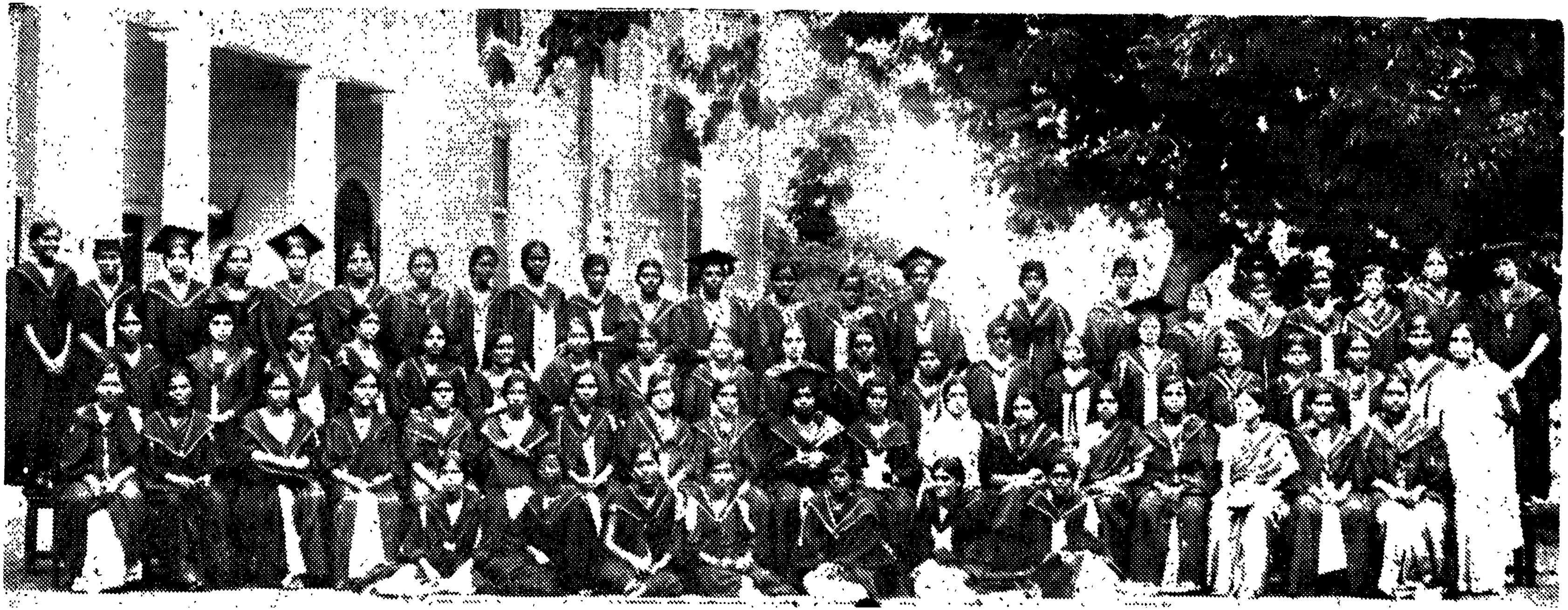
MADRAS

LADY GRADUATES OF THE YEAR OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY.



By courtesy of *The Madras Mail.*

which is perverse and disharmonious with creation. Roses and nightingales, sunshine and green foliage, they are tuning up the harp of creation—let us join with them. Let us not be greedy, ugly and destructive, ruled by passions which belie our nature. It has gone on too long, this desecration of our sacred world, which bears the touch of God's own hand. Do you not see how man is creating suffering, tightening the bonds of slavery on weaker nations, exploiting hospitality and kindness for cruel diplomacy? Do these harmonize with starlight and wide fields, the call of eternity which comes from far horizons? Our deeds are an insult and untold injury to the world fashioned by our Master, and we have to bow our heads in shame for what man has done to man.

God wishes man to manifest his greatness. Science has entered nature's storehouse and is successfully utilizing the wealth of its resources. For that we have to be proud. But what have we done to the world of beauty? Have we been equally successful in exploring its inner significance and making accessible to all, its endless wealth of delight, fertilizing the toil-hardened desert of destitution? No, on the contrary—the more we add to our machines and our mechanisms of utility, the more we are being alienated from the eternal world of truth and beauty. We lose our heads over our mechanical achievement, we miss our right to be happy. We have learnt to tyrannize and destroy. We have failed to win our freedom by surrendering to love."

(2) THE GRADUATES OF THIS YEAR OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

It was with great pleasure that I attended the *At Home* to the Graduates of the year, given by the Women Graduates Union of Madras. Being the first Women Graduate of the Madras Presidency, I can remember, when I took my degree in 1898, with what trepidation I ascended the dais to make my bow to the Chanceller of the University and receive his permission to wear my hood. Now, there are so many women graduates every year, that not much individual notice of them is taken, except at the first initial welcomes to them!

"Aren't you pleased with this increase of education, and the advance of women?" asked a friend of me.

"Of course I am," I replied. "But I wonder how much the increase of education has contributed to the real advance of women."

"True," the other said, "All depends on the kind of education given and its suitability to people."

"What sort of education should it be?" I thought; and the first thing I decided to myself was that, though there should be opportunities given for special education to women, the chance at the same time should not be taken from them of being able to compete with men. Unless we are educated to the same standards as men, we cannot claim equality from them; but then all women do not wish so to compete. That must be understood, and such must be catered for by a modulated curriculam.

After all, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Education should show itself in its results. Among all the women graduates of theis year, I wonder how many will work out their education in the correct spirit! The

chief thing to remember is, I think, that education must be sought for its own sake and for the improvement it gives, rather than for advantages of pay and employment. These must come after.

Culture for its own sake should be the motto.

I was much impressed with the short address given at the meeting I have mentioned. The speaker told us that there were three stages in a Graduate's life: the first, when she wishes not to be different from others. She is all self-consciousness then, and does not wish to shew herself individual in any way. The second stage comes when she wishes to be unlike, when she is eager to put theories to the test, when she is anxious to reform and to improve others, and sometimes herself. The third stage comes when she can balance the first two stages, and make them harmonise in true service to others, a service which is *sustained, sincere* and *selfless*. In such a service, all those who have received education can become united, and form links of a great chain, each individual part of which must be firm, steadfast, unbreakable, and holding firm to the other links. And yet the chain must be, not a stiff rod of union, but a bendable, flexible bond.

It is this flexibility, which needs the development of individual personality. For this, a separate evolving of each separate consciousness claims the avoidance of slavish imitation of others and of servile dependence of one upon another, as of the *echo* on the *voice*. One needs must use one's own understanding to develop and arrange ideals, schemes and dreams. At the same time, it is not expedient to throw aside advice or council. Like the water which is necessary for the growth of the plant, so is the help of others useful to our evolution; at the same time, like the plant, we each have our own development. In the same way must past experience be used, not only to limit, but also to forward, our ambitions and our visions for the future. Finally, all must needs be in consonance with the will of the Almighty Master, who has created every thing with a purpose of His own.

(3) WOMEN AND THE CONMUNAL DECISION.

I read in the Hindu a short time ago, an article by an English Civilian, in which he concludes that women are among the fundamental differences, which exist between the English and Indians, and which in his opinion cannot probably be ever overcome. I presume that some misunderstanding is one of the results of this particular difference; or, I may say, we may conclude more or less that it is so, from the awards given to women in the communal dicisions. The seats in the Provincial Legislatives (Lower house) have been allotted as follows:—

Madras: General Seats 134 (including six women); Depressed classes 18; representative from backward areas 1; Muhammadans 29 (including one woman); Indian Christians 9 (including one woman); Anglo-Indians 2; Europeans 3; Commerce and Industry, Mining and Planting 6; Landholders 6; University 1; Labour 6. Total 215.

Bombay (including Sind): General Seats 97 (including five women); backward areas 1; Muhammadans 63 (including one woman); Indian Christians 3; Angle-Indians 2; Europeans 4; Com-

merce etc., 8; Land-holders 3; University one; Labour 8. Total 200.

Bengal: General seats 80 (including 2 women); Depressed blank; Muhammadans 119 (including 2 women); Indian Christians 2; Anglo-Indians 4 (including 1 woman); Europeans 11; Commerce etc. 19; Landholders 5; University 2; Labour 8. Total 250.

United Provinces: General seats 132 (including 4 women); Depressed 12; Muhammadans 66 (including 2 women); Indian Christians 2; Anglo-Indians 1; Europeans 2; commerce etc. 3; Landholders 6; University 1; Labour 3. Total 228.

Punjab: General seats 43 (including 1 woman); Sikhs 32 (including one woman); Muhammadans 86 (including two women); Indian Christians 2; Anglo-Indians 1; Europeans 1; Commerce etc. 1; Landholders 5; University 1; Labour 3. Total 175.

Bihar and Orissa: General seats 99 (including 3 women); Depressed classes 7; Representatives from backward areas 8; Muhammadans 42 (including 1 woman;) Indian Christians 2; Anglo-Indians 1; Europeans 2; Commerce etc. 4; Landholders 6; University 1; Labour 4. Total 175.

Central Provinces (including Berar): General seats 77 (including three women); Depressed classes 10; Representatives from backward areas 1; Muhammadans 14; Anglo-Indians 1; Europeans 1; Commerce etc. 2; Landholders 3; University 1; Labour 2. Total 112.

Assam: General seats 44 (including one woman); Depressed classes 4; Representatives from backward areas 9; Muhammadans 34; Indian Christians 1; Europeans 1; Commerce etc. 11; Labour 4; Total 103.

North-West Frontier Province: General seats 9; Sikhs 3; Muhammadans 36; Landholders 2. Total 50.

Seats are also alloted for Bombay without Sind and for Sind as follows :—

Bombay without Sind: General seats 109 (including 5 women); Depressed classes 10; Representatives from backward areas 1; Muhammadans 30 (including one woman); Indian Christians 3; Anglo-Indians 2; Europeans 3; Commerce etc. 7; Landholders 2; University 1; Labour 7. Total 175.

Sind; General seats 19 (including 1 woman); Muhammadans 34 (including one woman); Europeans 2; Commerce etc. 2; Landholders 2; Labour 1; Total 60.

We, women of India, are thankful for the reservation of seats for us. There have been some among us, who have wished for it; and we are grateful that the principle has been widely recognized that India cannot reach the position to which it aspires in the world, until its women play their due part in it as educated and influential citizens. Yet the awards in another way at least have almost completely gone against the expressed opinion of Indian women; for the unanimous verdict was all against communal division. We do not want such division, never did so in fact. It reflects rather badly on the capability and character of Indian Women; for it makes them out as incapable of being quite wise and impartial. The Prime Minister said with regard to this: "There are undoubtedly serious objections extending the communal method, to the representation of women but if seats are to be reserved for women as such and women members are to be fairly distributed among the communi-

ties, there is in the existing circumstances no alternative." But, why should women not be trusted in this matter? Surely it can be taken as admitted that the educated women of India will not let small communities suffer for want of representation. At the same time, it is a strange fact that it has not been insisted on that the depressed classes should elect a woman from among themselves,—which is rather a paradox! Moreover, the seats reserved for women are not enough.

As a matter of fact, the principle worked upon is wrong; or "is not easily ascertainable," as the *Madras Mail* points out. We do not wish our nation to be divided communally, which system of "iniquitous separation," in Dr. Tagore's words, "would perpetuate differences amongst our people, and can only disrupt the basis of our common humanity." As a matter of fact, too long has our land suffered under community and caste differences; and it is good that her children should set themselves against continuing them. It will be wise for India and India's population, therefore, not to advocate communal difference in any way. In any case I am sure, women will be unanimously against the present decision. They will realise that, only if they are so, will they be of real use to India. We want indeed a universal womanhood of India, even if a universal humanity is not possible.

Both the lady delegates of the Round Table Conference are against the decisions. Begum Shah Nawaz, while appealing to all communities to accept the award, wishes, however, that "the Government had not forced reservation of seats on communal lines on women, when the majority of them did not want it. She thinks that the number of seats allotted to women is utterly inadequate, and that women in the frontier have been completely ignored."

Mrs. Subbaroyan, while appreciating the realization by Government of the importance of the co-operation of women, laments:

"No Provincial Committee of Government recommended that seats should be communally divided. The British Government seems to have entirely ignored these important facts, while considering the question. Their proposal has no support, and is definitely opposed to the feeling among women, and therefore it will be unfair to impose on women what they practically did not want. Women would rather forego advantages like reservation of seats for them than accept measures which would allow the beginnings of that which is a veritable danger to the country. It would be most regrettable if the Government persisted in forcing this unacceptable and unwanted measure on women. I hope earnestly that this is not the final decision of the Government, as they have not apparently considered the implications of such a scheme. I would appeal to the Prime Minister, as a friend of India, to reconsider the matter and prevent the existing evil from being further aggravated."

THE RESCUE

By P. G. Sundararajan

IT was a cold morning in the month of *Margali*, when men lay huddled snugly in their shawls. Women rose with the grey twilight of the dawn, regardless of the biting cold, and set about the duty of sweeping and cleaning their house-fronts and decorating them with *kolam*. Many and varied and very neat were the designs they drew, with the precision of expert geometricians.

Engaged in such work, among others, was a girl of about ten, before a house of unprepossessing appearance. Her slender figure was bent low and her eyes were fixed on the pattern she was making out. The white powder slipped down in one fine stream through her little fingers, as she drew lines from dot to dot in tracing the form of a curling snake—which piece of domestic art she had learnt overnight. The twilight was slowly brightening. Cocks crowed every direction, heralding the rising sun; crows flew about with weird cries. There was a general stir in the streets, as people slowly shook off their slumbers. The girl paid no heed to her surroundings, so engrossed was she in her artistic activity.

Not far from her threshold, two women before opposite houses, engaged in a similar manner, were conversing earnestly; the subject of their talk being the girl herself.

"Has Savitri's father returned from Madura yet ?" asked one of them.

"How should I know ?" put in the other and added in a wistful tone, "Poor old man! He is moving heaven and earth to find a son-in-law. Scarcely three months remain before the Sarda Act comes into force. He always returns with the same disappointing story about the boy demanding a staggering dowry. I don't know what the sum was the last time. Let us ask Savitri herself."

Savitri, the young artist, finished her *kolam*; and with a smile of satisfaction straightened up, tossed back her pigtail and was about to enter the house, when she was hailed by one of the women.

"Savitri, has your father returned?"

"Not yet," replied the girl looking at the patterns they were drawing. "But why ?" she asked as an afterthought.

"I simply wanted to know whether he had found a husband for you. I hope he has—don't you ?"

At this, the girl ran into her house, smiling and blushing.

A few minutes later, a young man walked along the street, a flannel muffler wrapped around his head. As he passed Savitri's house, the girl came out with some yellow flowers, which she began fixing on the pattern of *kolam*. She looked up and smiled at the young man. The latter enquired about the arrival of her father, and, after receiving her bashful reply in the negative, passed on. It was the custom of young

Rangan to take a long walk in the early morning. He was one of those finished products of the University, whose lot is to fling themselves against the rocks of unemployment, the moment they find they are adrift in the sea of life, on a voyage for which they are all unequipped. Morbid in his outlook, Rangan used to brood over the little ironies of fate ; and his friends invariably found him absent-minded. Broad-minded and liberal as he was, he was all against people throwing their children into the ruined well of hasty marri ages, to escape the dreaded Act ; for he was a student of the rough school of experience—he had been married in his twelfth year.

However, with all his persuasive charm, he had not succeeded in inducing Muthuswamy Iyer, Savitri's father, to abandon the idea of the marriage of Savitri. Much as he might point out the evils of it, the old gentleman held fast to his conviction and cited the instance of his two elder daughters, who, though married in their eighth and ninth years, were now running good and healthy families. And what about religion and the *Sastras* ? Could they be easily abandoned at that stage ? He was bent upon celebrating his daughter's marriage within the next month. He had, howev r, to give up many a chance, because the young men, realising the intensity of the demand for bridegrooms, had increased their rates of dowry. And then, the horoscopes did not agree, whenever a satisfactory settlement seemed likely to be made with regard to the money.

Now he had gone to Madura, determined to borrow the money needed, if only he could succeed in finding a suitable bridegroom.

During his walk, Rangan's mind was obssessed by the impending fate of Savitri. His interest in the girl was more than passing; for he happened to be her cousin, though three times removed. He was racking his brains to find a way by which the marriage could be prevented.

That evening, hearing that Muthuswamy Iyer had returned, Rangan went to his house to make a last attempt. He found that the old man had come back with the horoscope of a boy, who fortunately did not demand much in money. Rangan was further given to understand that the boy's family-astrologer had testified to the harmonious agreement of the horoscopes. But, Muthuswamy Iyer declared that he would not be satisfied until Sankara Sastri, the priest-astrologer of Perur certified the agreement. This raised the blasted hopes of Rangan, and an idea struck him. If the horoscopes disagreed according to Sankara Sastri, there was hope yet. Inwardly praying for Savitri, who was listening to the discussion from the shadow of the kitchen door—wondering perhaps, why there should be so much fuss about a marriage instead of finishing with the thing straightaway—Rangan took his leave with an agitated mind.

He directly went to the next street and entered the house of Sankara Sastri. The high-priest of the village was sitting in the courtyard, spinning on the 'takli', that humble tool of the orthodox fraternity, which has now become the very symbol of Nationalism.

Without wasting time, Rangan began to talk business.

"Look here Mr. Sastri, how much do you earn a month on an average?"

The astrologer, who was taken aback by this point-blank query, replied in a dazed manner: "About thirty rupees ; why do you ask ?"

"Because you are going to get fifty rupees in return for a service to me," answered Rangan.

The Sastri, who was genuinely surprised by this uninvited visit of good luck, asked, "May I know the exact nature of the service ?"

"It is like this;" began Rangan, "Muthuswamy Iyer places great faith in you—is it not true ?"

"Quite," agreed the Sastri with a bland smile.

"Well," the youth continued. "He is intent on marrying his daughter next month at all costs. The girl is a mere child and I want to see the marriage stopped at once. What about your telling Mr. Iyer that the horoscopes do not agree ?"

"What do you mean, young man ? How can I deny the agreement of the horoscopes, when already one astrologer has given a favourable verdict ? Besides why do you want to stop the marriage ? That is hardly a right procedure for a man of your sort."

"As to the 'why' and 'wherefore', we shall talk leisurely. Now the time is short and I rely on you for the prevention of the marriage. Need I remind you of the help my father gave you?" With that Rangan left the astonished *purohit*.

Of course, Rangan had no need to remind the Sastri of the timely succour his father had rendered him. It was an old story; Rangan's father, a lawyer, had ably defended the astrologer in a civil suit and had declined to accept any fees. Sankara Sastri sat for a while, overcome by the youth's behaviour. Gradually he recovered himself and, after successive ordeals of mental debate, resolved to help Rangan, remembering the lump sum of fifty rupees and more favours to come. He assured himself that he was only acting in the best interests of the girl, though compelled to deviate from the straight and narrow path of truthfulness.

Meanwhile, Rangan went home, seriously arguing within himself whether what he had just done was fair. Did it not amount to bribery and abetment of cheating ? Was he justified in poking his nose into other peoples' affairs? If the old man knew about this—? "Oh, well; come what may, let the end justify the means," Rangan exclaimed under his breath as he entered his house. In his mind's eye there rose the vision of Savitri with her innocent look. Yes. He was right ; fair or foul, the child would be saved. And what else mattered? Once the three months before the Act elapsed, Savitri would be safe in the hands of the law.

The next morning Muthuswamy Iyer sent for the Sastri and submitted the horoscopes of Savitri and her would-be bridegroom for consideration. The Sastri took up the boy's horoscope and prattled at length about Jupiter being somewhere and the eighth house looking on the *Janmalagnam* ; and concluded by observing that the horoscope was a tolerably good one. Then he perused Savitri's horoscope for a few minutes and, assuming a look of concern, ominously demanded of the girl's father.

"Why did you not show this to me before?"

The old man was surprised. "Is anything wrong?" he asked apprehensively.

The Sastri did not reply for a few moments, his face becoming graver and graver all the while. On the old man's repeating the question, he answered,

"Everything is wrong. I wish I had been spared such a painful duty."

"Tell me what it is!" cried the anxious father; "don't leave me in suspense!"

"You see, Muthuswamy Iyer, your daughter's horoscope is very bad. It prophesies evil. The fact is, if she is married within a year from now, she will become a wi——well, she will lose her husband. The calculation is rather a difficult one; no wonder the other astrologer missed this essential point. Excuse me, I have to make another call." And the Sastri made his departure hastily.

Savitri's father was aghast. He sat motionless; his eyes wide and staring straight before him. After a short while, when the full significance of the terrible words impressed themselves upon his dazed intelligence, he muttered to himself in a low but decisive tone, "No, my child shall not be ruined—not even for the sake of religion—not my dear Savitri."

I DO NOT LOVE YOU.

I do not love you. In my memory
Ecstatic dreams of April riot still,
For me the stars rise on the windswept hill,
And all things yet are beautiful to me

The *Red Admiral* flits across my plot,
Now gay with yellow *Kosmos* after rain,
And though my soul is numb with nameless pain
In other flowers your face I have forgot.

The singing winds my slumbering thoughts will take,
Uncoloured though they be by dreams of you,
To happier days my tryant heart once knew,
And I shall not remember my mistake....................

I love the winds, for in their mute caress
I can forget you and your faithlessness.

E. H. d' Alwis,
Colombo.

BEAUTY.

Love, Beauty, Intellect,
These are the sacred Three;
The Cause of Life's effect,
The Key of Truth's elect,
That know Infinity:
But Beauty is the glee
Of Heaven's Heptarchy.

Herbert Porter.

CONNEMARA PUBLIC LIBRARY
22 OCT 1932
MADRAS

Miss Sakuntala in "Dreadful Revenge"

By courtesy of *"Sound and Shadow"*.

22 OCT 1932

The main College building of the Indian Women's University at Poona and Khalav Makanji Hostel,

to which Prof. Karve has devoted his life for the improvement of the conditions under which so many Indian Women live. This University has been built up by him to the stage at which it finds itself to-day with more students than ever.

Prof. D. K. Karve,

the founder of the Indian Women's University, Poona, who has just returned from his foreign travels, after collecting Rs. 30,000 for the Women's University.

Photos:—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

WORK FOR INDIAN WOMEN.

1. THE INDIAN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY.

We bring to the notice of our readers the work of the Indian Women's University. Professor Karve, its founder, aged seventyfour, having devoted most of his life to the amelioration of the condition of Indian women, makes an appeal for funds in order to continue the good work. In these days of retrenchment and salary-cuts, most ventures, however good, are bound to suffer a set-back, if not a cessation; and the Indian Women's University is no exception to the rule. Yet, it will be a pity to close it, since the number of its pupils is steadily increasing, and it itself is nearing full recognition by Government. At present, the very fact that it has not yet received such recognition, and that the vernacular is its chief medium of instruction, is working against the progress of the University. Added to this, is the sudden stoppage of the interest accruing from the 15 lakhs, which amount was the gift of Sir Vithaldas D. Thackersay. In face of this crisis, the problem becomes acute. Professor Karve says:—

"We have now to solve the very knotty question of how to carry on the work of the University. Our annual expense is over 70,000 Rs. and the source of three-fourths of this amount has dried up for the present. It may take a good deal of time before this serious matter is finally settled. We shall make all possible efforts to maintain the work, without allowing it to suffer much. The ladies and gentlemen on the staff of the college and the university office have willingly consented to work on Rs. 75 a month instead of Rs 125. With all possible economies and cuts, we have to meet a deficit of Rs 30,000 till the end of December this year.

"I am now seventy-four and it will become more and more physically impossible for me to do much collection work. I, therefore, appeal even to the middle-class people to spare what little they can. No amount is too small to be negligible. The promoters of the University feel confident that it is sure to survive this deadly trial. On their behalf, I assure the public that under no circumstances will they allow the fruit of their labour of love to be completely destroyed for want of efforts on their own part."

The University has been in existence for the last sixteen years. For the first four years, there was only a small high school and a smaller college. But, in 1920, the gift of Sir V. D. Thackersay, the interest from which amounted to Rs. 52,000 a year, advanced the work considerably.

" A programme of expansion of the university work was immediately taken up and to-day we have four colleges at Poona, Bombay, Baroda and Ahmedabad, and fifteen high schools at Hingne, Poona, Bombay, Surat, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Rajkot, Bhavanagar, Nagpur, Saugor, Hyderabad (Sind), Malvan, Belgaum, Sangli and Satara. There are also three middle schools at Sholapur, Wai, and Ratnagiri, and a Normal

school or Training College at Hingne. Out of these, four Institutions are conducted by the University on its own account, while the others are recognised, and most of them are also aided by the university.

"The number of students appearing in our various examinations has been continuously increasing and has in fact doubled during the last four years, the numbers appearing for entrance and collegiate examinations being 250 and 125 respectively. One hundred and twenty-five women are taking advantage of the higher education in our colleges and nearly 2500 are attending high and middle schools, working under the auspices of the university."

Many have been the objections raised against the higher education of women in India; in various ways have these been met, and several times have they been proved futile by direct experience. Most people have come to the conclusion that education for women should be encouraged at all costs, notably when separate institutions for them have actually been established, as in the present instance.

2. THE SARADESWARI ASRAM.

The Saradeswari Asram in Calcutta tries in its way to advance the education of women. It was started by Mataji Gouripuri Devi, known popularly as Gourimata. She made extensive pilgrimages throughout India and was moved by sympathy for the helplessness of the general mass. Therefore, with a humble desire to better it, she started an *Asram* in 1895 at Barrackpur. For a few years, this home gave primary education to about 30 poor girls. In 1912, the Asram was removed to Calcutta; in 1924, it acquired a permanent residence of its own. It has been named "Sri Sri Saradeswari Asram", from the inspiration gained by the founder for her work, from Sri Sri Sarada Devi and her husband Sri Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa Deva.

The aims of the Asram are based on the ancient system of Brahmacharya. Special attention is paid to religious and moral training. Puja is daily offered in the Asram temple; and Sanskrit hymns, Bengali songs and religious discourses are the order of the day. The character-formation of the pupils is carefully attended to. With these ends in view, teachers are specially selected; and the Asram has a band of devoted workers, who labour hard without remuneration, and do their best to make their personal relationship with the pupils as intimate and friendly as possible. Simplicity of life is encouraged; luxury in all forms is forbidden; and cleanliness is insisted on. Every inmate of the Asram is induced to take part in household duties, such as the preparation of meals, the washing of utensils, and laundry work.

In the year 1931-1932, the Asram inmates were 45, of different castes; 24 of them paid their own expenses. The school pupils numbered 250. Bengali, Sanskrit, English, Mathematics, Indian History, Geography, Hygiene, Handwriting, Cottage-industries, Music, recitation and other subjects are taught. School examinations are held in March; and pupils can appear for the Calcutta Matriculation. The higher examinations in Sanskrit and Hindu philosophy are prepared for. It is creditable that one lady of the Asram is a graduate, five are matriculates, several have won the

title of Vyakaranthirtha in Sanskrit. Literary composition is carefully taught, and opportunities are given for articles in periodicals. Handlooms, spinning-wheels and sewing-machines are provided; and sewing, cutting-out and tailoring are taught, as well as embroidery. The Asram seems an institution worth encouraging.

3. THE WOMEN GRADUATES UNION OF MADRAS.

The Women Graduates Union of Madras has, according to its eleventh annual report, done some work. With 80 members, of whom 6 are out of India and 11 in the Mofussil, the Union has tried to promote social fellowship between educated women and to encourage their uplift and advancement in every way. Much interest was displayed in the questions of Franchise, Disarmament and in the Federation of University women.

4. THE WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Report of the Women's Indian Association is of great interest. The Association which was started in 1917, has progressed along advancing lines in education, social reform, self-development and service to others. Not only in Madras, but also in several other countries, has it done work. A mention of some of its activities will not be out of place here. The adequate representation of women on local boards, taluk boards and municipalities has been insisted upon. The Franchise question has been much considered, this association being the first women's organization to take it up. A draft Memorandum was circulated on the subject, claiming adult franchise for women as well as for men, and no reservation of seats in councils.

Great interest was taken in the enforcement of the Act for the suppression of brothels and of immoral traffic in women and children, also of the Sarda Act raising the age of marriage, the Association going so far as to promise the loan of Rs. 100 demanded as *bona fides* from reformers against breakers of the act.

The rescue and reform of delinquent children is also being worked for ; and the Association is responsible for the opening of Children's Aid Society Homes and schools in Madras. Work for the rescue of unfortunate women, and vigilance propoganda are being carried on, as well as of improvement of slum conditions. The good work has been extended into villages and districts by travelling secretaries.

Much interest has also been displayed in politics, especially with regard to the part played by women in it. The advance of self-government, with women having equal privileges as well as men ; the inclusion of women at the Round Table Conference ; protests against the new ordinances and emergency powers, the arrest of Gandhiji, and the unwarranted actions of magistrates have been some of the things tackled.

The Stri Dharma, the Monthly Magazine of the Association, carries its news and its aims into the world. At the same time, much international work is being done, such as supplying authentic information about India to foreign commissions and enquiries. The Association is affiliated to the British

Commonwealth League, the Women's International League for peace and freedom, the International alliance of women for suffrage and equal citizenship. It collected signatures of women supporting the Geneva Conference of February 1932. The International representative is Mrs. Cousins, who was once the indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the Association.

The future work of the W. I. A. claims to be "to educate women to exercise their new civic and political rights, with care and wisdom, which can be achieved only by carrying light and education to the masses in the villages." Such an object requires encouragement and help in every way from the daughters of India.

IN MAN'S REALM

SIR HALL CAINE, AND HIS FRIENDS.

In many of the notices which appeared of Sir Hall Caine after his death on 31st August last, there were somewhat lengthy references to his association with Dante Gabriel Rosetti. In the story of his life, Hall Caine himself devoted more pages to Rosetti than to all his other friends combined. But, among the influences that affected the literary life of Hall Caine, the earliest was that of his uncle and his grandmother, with whom he lived during his childhood in the Isle of Man. His uncle was a small farmer and a butcher, who maintained himself by selling meat every week in the market of the capital city of the island. The weekly journeys made to the capital city by Hall Caine along with his uncle laid the foundation of the fame to which he attained as a novelist thirty years later, under the inspiration and guidance of Rosetti. His grandmother fed his growing mind with endless stories about "fairies and the evil eye". The impression made by these stories was so deep that all the scepticism of his later years was unable to drive out the superstition which they had generated.

Before long, Hall Caine had to leave the Isle of Man to join his parents who had their home in Liverpool. His father was a native of the island, but his mother came of a Quaker family, resident in a seaport in the County of Cumberland. While he was still a very young boy, he started as an apprentice to an architect, remotely connected with the family of Gladstone. This apprenticeship afforded Hall Caine an opportunity to play a part, though a very humble one, in the general election of 1868, which ended in a telling victory for the Liberals and in the appointment of Gladstone as the Premier of England for the first time. Hall Caine's contact with Gladstone was not unproductive of results; for, if he had willed, he might have become two years later the steward of the Gladstone estate in Lincolnshire. Fortunately, he had developed too much taste for literature. Had it not been for his successful resistance to the temptations offered by the stewardship, the English language would have lost a dozen novels which it could not have afforded to lose.

Hall Caine now became a victim to a malady, which extensive and desultory reading generally causes—a malady known as the "scribbling itch". At sixteen, he edited a magazine in collaboration with a boy but a year older than himself. The magazine was printed only once and ten thousand copies were struck, of which not even one was sold! This "plunge into hot water" drove the collaborator out of the field of literature into commerce for sometime, but it could not unman Hall Caine. Although Caine had to take up an employment to keep body and soul together, he persevered in writing; and fortunately his daily work gave him time enough to indulge in the luxury of contributing articles to such of the journals as were prepared to accommodate him. In his early twenties, he dreamed dreams of greatness in spite of many discouragements. A lecture on Rosetti, whose poems were then subjected to merciless and undeserved criticism, brought him into friendship with that great poet-painter.

Hall Caine actually met Rosetti in the autumn of 1880. But for over a year, when they had not seen each other, there had been much correspondence, frank and free, between the two. During this time, Caine submitted some of his poems to Rosetti for his judgment; and Rosetti told him that, if he could write better poetry, he might indulge in it, but his field seemed "to lie chiefly in the noble achievements of fervid and impassioned prose", and that it was not necessary that a gifted writer should always take to poetry. When they faced each other in London, Rosetti was fifty-two and Hall Caine was half his age. In Hall Caine's words, the house in which Rosetti lived "looked like a house that no woman had ever dwelt in, a house inhabited by a man who had once felt a vivid interest in life but was now living from day to day". Rosetti had married and lost his wife in tragic circumstances. Many of his admired poems had been inspired by his wife, whom, despite rumours to the contrary, he loved and adored throughout his companionship with her. When she died suddenly as the result of an overdose of laudanum, which she had been accustomed to take as a sleeping draught, Rosetti was so much moved that he wrapped the manuscript of his poems in her beautiful golden hair and buried it along with her! As the poems had been written to her and for her, he thought they should go to the grave with her.

If Rosetti had allowed the manuscript to mingle in the dust along with the body of his wife, he would have saved himself the misery that haunted him to the day of his death. After a period of seven years during which he saw his friends rise to honour and glory, "he began to think with pain of the aspirations as a poet which he had himself renounced and to cast backyard glances at the book he had buried in his wife's coffin." With the help of a daring and unscrupulous man and with the permission of the government authorities, he had his wife's grave opened and the manuscript removed! The reclaimed poems were published, and, though they were at first applauded with unbounded enthusiasm, they were bitterly attacked a year later as representing "The Fleshly School of Poetry", which "demoralised the public mind with the mere glorification of lust." The desecration of his

wife's grave had already begun to sit as a nightmare on Rosetti's mind and now the severe criticism of his poems made his condition worse. He withdrew from his friends, living a life of utmost seclusion and took chloral in large quantities to lay the spectre in his brain. It was in this state that Hall Caine found Rosetti in his London lodging.. The tale told by Hall Caine of the poet-painter's life in his company, which lasted only for two years, is very melancholy to read. But to Hall Caine himself the company was productive of lasting good. He regaled Rosetti with delightful stories of the Island of Man ; and, greatly impressed with them, the dying poet-painter suggested to him that he could, with benefit to himself and to the public, write a Manx novel. Hall Caine took up the suggestion and, despite the dissuasion of an able Manx writer, published, after working laboriously for a year, "The Deemster" which assured his success as a novelist and dispelled all the anxieties which usually wait on a struggling man of letters with "grim persistency."

The other friends mentioned in Hall Caine's story are well-known names in English literature. Of them, John Ruskin was one. It was at the fire of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera" that Hall Caine lighted his torch in the days of his boyhood. Hall Caine was not the least enthusiastic of those who followed the banner of the latter, when he founded his "Guild of St. George" and wrote vehement denunciations of the spirit of the age. The little newspapers of the Isle of Man were frequently filled with boyish articles, denouncing the social system and the accepted interpretation of the Christian faith. The articles made no disturbance in the placid life of the island, but they perplexed Hall Caine's uncle. Hall Caine scarcely heard in the company of Rosetti the name of Ruskin mentioned with enthusiasm or his social aims spoken of with sympathy. Still, he continued to maintain his loyalty to the Coniston prophet to the end of his life.

Another of Hall Caine's friends was Robert Buchanan, who started the bitter campaign against Rosetti's poems. Later, he felt that he had done great injustice to the poems and made amends by dedicating his romance, "God and the Man", to the great poet, and retracting the unfair critisms in pathetic verse. But, as in the dedication Rosetti was not mentioned but only referred to as "An old enemy", he found it difficult to believe that the old enemy was himself. When Hall Caine and Buchman became friends, Rosetti had been dead for two months and then Buchman confessed that he had been extremely unfair to Rosetti's poems and that if he were to review them again, he would fully admit their author's claim to the "purest kind of literary renown". The author of "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" gave promise of a great force in literature. But, seeing that force did not make for succcess, he lowered his literary standard and wasted himself on casual journalism. His last days were unhappy and Hall Caine's record of them makes the reading as much sad as that of the closing days of Rosetti's life.

The publication of "The shadow of a crime" in 1885 coupled the name of Hall Caine with that of Richard Blackmore, the talented author of "Lorna

Doone". The contact thus established grew stronger as time went on. Blackmore's comments of the novels that issued from the pen of Hall Caine were always kindly and generous. But Blackmore's interest lay more in his garden than in literature. "Literature could have had no reward so dear to him as his annual deficit on his seventeen acres". He knew he was cheated by the carters who took his fruit for sale and by the people who supplied him with seeds and manure. "But he enjoyed the simplicity of the means employed to hoodwink him". He lived to find that his generation was slowly forgetting him and that he himself was being superseded by younger writers. But his interest in his garden did not diminish, and but for that interest his last days might not have been happy.

"The Deemster", published in 1887, won for Hall Caine a friendship scarcely less valuable than Blackmore's. After reading the novel, Wilkie Collins, the author of "The Woman in White", wrote to him praising him, but at the same time pointing out with remarkable sincerity wherein he could improve in the treatment of his characters. Hall Caine valued the advice more than he appreciated the praise. The life led by Wilkie Collins, especially during the last two or three years of his life, was that of a reclus. He avoided an appearance in public as much as he could. Laudanum had a firm grip on him and he took it in large doses, as it had the effect of stimulating his brain and steadying his nerves! The very mentiion of death gave terror to him and he would often make himself believe that his heart was sound and the discomfort caused by it arose from his weak stomach and unsteady nerves, In this fear of dying, he was very much like Rosetti, whose agnostic mind could not entertain any hope that death was only a passport to rest and eternal life, and very much unlike Ruskin whose death was so beautiful "that it almost made one in love with it to see it robbed of every terror."

After a long life of seventy-eight years which began in 'shadow' and ended in 'shine,' Hall Caine sleeps in his native isle, whose lore he has perpetuated in several of his novels to the great delight of the reading public, The account given in his story of his literary life is of surpassing interest, He lived to earn more than ten thousand pounds for a novel. But money never entered into his consideration when he set himself to work. He loved the work for its own sake and if he made the public also love it, he felt he had been paid over and over again.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1). Our Serial Story.

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIX.

Thejaswati.

"Mother is telling a story, boys; come quickly". With this announcement Seeta, in the utmost excitement, burst upon the boys, who had for sometime been conducting their affairs in diplomatic secrecy, in the Sparrow Room. One of them hastily threw a counterpane to hide some articles lying on a mat, and they all told her that she might leave them since her errand was over. So Mrs. Vikram's audience at first consisted of her middle four children, for Babu was enjoying his after-noon seista, nestling by his mother's side. The children all squatted on a rug, and their mother reclined on a bed with her head raised and supported by her right hand, the elbow of which was planted deep in her downy pillow. The story, which she told, strangely resembled Hawthorne's *Pomegranate Seeds*.

"In a kingdom far away, lived a wealthy merchant in a splendid mansion. He had a lovely daughter, whose skin glowed like the golden chrysanthemum. Her hands were like two lilies in shape," --here the narrator's attention was drawn to Rukmini who was glancing down at her own hands. "Yes, yes, your hands are also like lilies and you too are a pretty girl," the mother remarked with a soft laugh, and continued, "The girl's lips were red like coral, her raven black eye-brows swept her forehead in two great arches. She had pearly ears, from which her diamond jewels dangled and sparkled like dew-drops in the sun. Her eyes flashed like stars. To add to her natural beauty, she wore lovely clothes and glittering jewels. A circlet of diamonds adorned her glossy black head. Gold bracelets and crystal anklets tinkled music on her wrists and feet."

"What was her name, mother?" asked Raji.

"Her name was Thejaswati."

"Mother, will I have some jewels when I grow big? You know, once upon a time, before I became small, I was as tall as you?

"Don't interrupt the story, you little goose," rebuked Rukmini, as all laughed, and Mrs. Vikram went on.

"The girl's father was Chandrabhan. Well, Thejaswati wore a short tight-fitting bodice, embroidered with precious stones and her skirt was heavy with trimmings of rich brocade. On this dress, she wore a gauzy transparent saree, whose veil floated behind her on the breeze. But beautiful Thejaswati had no mother".

"Why didn't she make a mother?" queried Raji in surprise.

This set everybody laughing, but Mrs. Vikram, wishing to know the child's idea, asked,

"If you had no mother, how would you make one?"

"If I met a lady I liked, I would call her mother and she will become my mother. How did you become my mother?"

"God made me your mother," replied Mrs. Vikram.

The other children showed impatiance, but Vasant remarked

"Thejaswati's mother must have died."

"Of what did she die?" asked the little maid.

"Bah, shut up," said Vasant in disgust.

"Ask me all your questions, after I finish the story," Mrs. Vikram put in and went on, as Raji, looking guiltily at her sisters, sat with her hands on her lap.

"Once, Thejaswati's father had to leave her."

At this moment the three boys made their appearance and upset every-body for a little while in their boisterous search for seats.

"Now, have we missed much, aunty?" asked Anand.

"Oh no," replied she, "only the descriptions." Then she went on, "Yes, one day her father had to go to a far country."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mohun "Whose father was that?"

"The father of the heroine, Thejaswati," answered Rukmini for her mother, with plenty of disgust in her tone.

"Who told you not to hear from the beginning?" put in Seeta, for all the children were annoyed by the constant interruptions.

"Now, where was I?" asked Mrs. Vikram, and Vasant answered, "Her father went to a far country, ma."

"Yes and, before he went, he called his daughter to him and told her a great many things. He gave her full freedom in the bungalow and the garden, but said that she should not step outside the gate. Thejaswati promised to obey him and he kissed her and set out on his journey.

"Thejaswati, as usual, learnt her lessons and did her painting and music. After she had finished these, she played merrily with her friends many delightful games.

"One day, she asked them to get her some henna leaves. One of the girls spoke about an enhanted garden close by, where grew the most wonderful trees that human eyes had ever beheld. In the centre of the garden was a circular marble terrace, at the top of which grew a most gorgeous basil plant in a golden flower pot. Tiny fairies lived and sported under it, night and day, but they were hidden from view by a ring of henna trees, which looked quite different from ordinary ones. The girl was a friend of the fairies, and she was the only mortal who knew the way to the garden.

Theswati forgot her promise to her father and refused to eat or drink unless she saw this fairy garden. So her friend had to take her and her other playmates to the enhanted place.

"Oh, it was a garden to which no human description could do justice. The trees grew tall and green with fruits of gold and red on their wide, spreading boughs. The plants were a sea of blossoms, of all shapes and kinds and colours. From the arbours and bowers hung richly-tinted globes. The girls passed by a marble tank of blue water, where pink and white lotuses and water-lilies grew. The mermaids dived and splashed in the water and threw a lotus at Thejaswati's feet. Fountains by the side of the gleaming garden paths, threw up clear jets of water in a thousand shapes. Birds and

butterflies with glittering wings flitted to and fro and the whole atmosphere was filled with music and soft odours, that intoxicated the senses,

"Amravati, the friend of the fairies, left the other damsels to gaze at a golden shrine inlaid with gems and conducted Thejaswati to the henna bushes. As they were about to turn away, Thejaswati's eyes fell on the basil plant, beautiful as the *Parijat* of the gods. Heedless of Amravati's warnings, she climbed the marble terrace and plucked a fragrant spray. The sleeping fairies were roused, and thy shrieked, as they ran away flapping their gossamer wings.

"Suddenly, a great darkness fell upon the land. The sound of a terrific earthquake sent the ground into a tremor. The maidens all fainted away and, as in a dream, Thejaswati saw a gilded chariot drawn by celestial steeds come tearing down the path towards her. She had no strength to cry or move. The car stopped near her and out stepped a most noble and princely form attired in royal robes. He stooped and lifted the half-conscious girl into the chariot and drove off again."

"Mother," interrupted Raji once more, a look of extreme consternation on her face, "suppose I happen to be playing on the *maidan*. Then suppose a noble prince comes and carries me off. Tell Govind our driver, to stand under that headless cocoanut palm. If I see him there, when I escape from the king's palace, I can find my way home".

The boys roared with laughter and the girls and their mother too were shaken with merriment. Poor Raji looked at everybody in surprise and then her countenance fell, while the noise woke up Babu, who sat bolt upright on the bed all of a sudden. Then Bala spoke to the child in jest.

"I am no prince, Raji, but I will carry you off some day. But, you cannot escape from me." Then, turning to Mrs. Vikram, "What happened after that, aunty?"

"The King, bewitched by Thejaswati's beauty, married her. She lived in a grand palace where every room was a sight for an exhibition. The ivory walls were encrusted with precious stones. The curtains and hangings were of silk and satin embroidered with silver threads and ropes of pearls. The cushions and rugs were of rich velvet and costly wool. The shades of lamps were decorated in various colours with gold and silver tassels and at nights their light flooded the rooms with a soft glory, each apartment being illuminated with one particular colour. Thejaswati for a time lived happily, but afterwards began to think of her father. The king, however, would not let her leave him. The Queen had no intention, either, to part with her husband, but she only said she longed to see her father.

"So to please her, the King put her once more in his golden car and drove with her towards the garden where he had found her. On and on they went, but no garden came in view.

"'Did you only look at the *basil* plant or did you touch it?' he asked her.

"Trembling all over, Thejaswati confessed that she had plucked a sprig. The King then held her hand in an affectionate grasp and sorrowfully whispered in tones of melting kindness,

'"Dearest heart, we cannot find your

father's house, for the garden has vanished.

"The girl wept, but the king comforted her, saying that he would send his messengers far and wide to search for the house, or to bring some news of the merchant.

"A few months passed and a messenger came with sad tidings. The merchant, on his homeward voyage, had been unfortunately shipwrecked in a great storm and lost his life. This was a blow to Thejaswati, but all the same it was far better than no news. She mourned for her father a few weeks, but afterwards forgot her sorrow."

"Is that the end of the story, mother?" asked Seeta.

"That is the end. Well, children, how do you like it?"

"Very much," said Mohun and added, "but it would have been more interesting if Thejaswati had been a boy and did some wonderful feats."

H. KAVERI BAI.

(*To be continued.*)

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

I came across the account of a beautiful little French story, written by Flaubert, in his *Trois Contes*. He wrote it to show the implicit religious faith of the people of the Middle Ages, and the story is of a Mediaeval saint called *Julian l'Hospitalier* When Julien was a boy, he learnt a love of cruel sports from his father, which eventually made him, for a time, have no pity for anything. Soon, however, he was seized with remorse for all his cruel deeds, and he left home, and joined a band of wanderers, and found comfort in becoming a great captain and achieving worldly fame. But one day, his old desire to destroy dumb animals returned, and he set out hunting again, and when he returned to his cattle that evening he killed an aged man and woman who had strayed in; but to his horror he eventually discovered that they were no other than his own mother and father.

Remorse and grief now tortured him so much that he fled from his castle, and became a beggar, confessing his terrible crime to all the passers-by on the way-side. At last, he came to a very dangerous river, which travellers were afraid to cross, and he made up his mind to devote his life in ferrying people across. One day, there was a terrible storm, and he heard a voice calling to him, and found a leper almost dying. With great difficult he rowed the sick man across, and in pity gave him his own bed to sleep in. But the leper was not satisfied, and asked Julien to sleep next to him and keep him warm. The ferryman did not shrink, but nobly consented, and at last his long atonement for all his previous sins was over, for, when he touched the leper's body he was taken at once to Paradise in the very arms of the sick man, who was no other than Christ Himself.

This idea of a supernatural being coming down to earth disguised in human form, in order to test people, is a very beautiful one. It helps to show us that we should not despise anyone, no matter how mean or diseased or poverty-stricken they may be. In our own Indian legends, we find God taking the form of man and testing his disciples very often. Our Poet Tagore, in his *Gitanjali* has written a beautiful poem of a beggar who sat begging by the way-side, when suddenly he saw the

magnificent chariot of some great King in the distance. "My hopes rose high," said the beggar, "and methought my evil days were at an end, and I stood waiting for alms to be given unasked, and for wealth scattered on all sides in the dust."

But, instead of the King giving the beggar gold, the chariot stopped before the beggar, "and the King asked him, "What hast thou to give to me?"

The beggar was so confused, that he did not know what to do at first, and then he gave a grain of corn from the little store that he had.

That night when he went home, and looked at his day's earnings, he found a tiny grain of gold in his poor heap of corn, for the king who had passed him by was no other than God, and had returned what he had taken from the beggar in gold. "I bitterly wept," wailed the beggar, "and wished I had had the heart to give Thee my all."

Thus do we miss opportunities in life to give ourselves up wholly to the service of others.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

(3) OUR COMPETITIONS.

The poem in our competition of July—August, which wins the prize of Rs. 2, is the following one:

TO JASMINES.

By P, S. Nataraj Sarma.

Aged 15.

Sweet jasmine, bloomer of the night
Soothing of scent and lily-white,
That in the crimson hours of morn
Embalm the air upon the lawn,
Why art thou but an hour's delight?
Why fast fade you without adieu?

Enviable flow'r, that doth enjoy
Proud patronage of maidens coy,
Whose buds bedeck soft silken hair
Of damsels young and sweet and fair,
Why leave so quick this world of joy?
Were you but made to bloom and fade?

That cannot be; nor can I trust
So soon of earthly bliss thou dost
Get tired; methinks fair Flora meant,
With the tale of thy short-lived scent,
To teach that all things beauteous must
At last, put on a pall of rust;
That dust must e'er return to dust
E'en robed in richest ermine.

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

A Prize of Rs. 2 will be given to the writer of the best story about a *Haunted house.* The story must not exceed 500 words. Only girls and boys below 16 can try for this competition. Send in your attempt, with your names, addresses and age written distinctly, to the Editor, the *Indian Ladies' Magazine,* "Lismoyle", Harrington Road, Chetput, Madras, by October 30th 1932. Any entries reaching us after that date will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

OUR CHESS PAGE

I have hitherto described the pieces and pawns, the notation, and the technique; now it will be fitting to enter into the spirit of the play with a few examples. The small game is the best for a beginner. For the sake of convenience, the English system of notation is adopted and that in the briefest outline.

A short game played by Miss Lalithambal with the author.

	White (*N. R.*)	Black (*Lalithambal.*)
1	P-K4	P-K4
2.	P-Q3	Kt-KB3
3.	Kt-KB3 *	B-B4
4.	P-Q4	P xP
5.	B-K Kt5	P-Q3
6.	Kt x P	Kt-B3
7.	B-QB4	B X Kt
8.	B X Kt	Q X B.
9.	P-QB 3 ?	Q *X* P Mate.

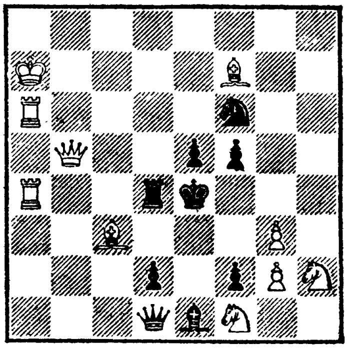
Here is another example of a short game. It is between a Professor, who knew no defeat, and a novice in the game.

	White	Black
1.	P-K4	Kt-KB3
2.	P-Q3	P-QB4
3.	P-KB3	Kt-B3
4.	B-Kt5	Q-Kt 3
5.	Kt-Q2	QXP
6.	B x Kt	Q x B
7.	Q-Kt1	P-KKt3
8.	P-QR3	B-R3
9.	Kt-Kt3	P-B5
10.	Kt-Q2	Q-B6
11.	Q-Q1	B x Kt Ch.
12.	K-B2	Q-Q5 Ch.
13.	K-K2	Q-K6 Mate !!

It would be interesting to play the above game out, and mark the various stages at which Black gains the mastery over White.

I propose to form a chess club composed entirely of lady members. The entrance of course is free, and all plays by correspondence or over the board will have to be kept on record. For this purpose, a game chart prepared by the author will be sent post free to all those who ask for it. The details of the working of the club will have to be deferred till some new entrants show enthusiasm.

Solutions are invited for the following problem composed by the Danish composers for the International solving match for the year 1931 :—(Those sending correct solutions will hear something to their advantage.)



Bharadwaja, C/o The Indian Ladies Magazine, is prepared to answer all queries relating to chess.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

In India, Bombay tops the list as regards the production of sound pictures, as it did in the silent regime. The language used in dialogue is called "Hindi." But to my knowledge the language heard in most of the talkies produced in Bombay, is neither pure "Hindi" nor "Urdu", but an odd mixture of "Hindi" and "Urdu", called popularly "Bombay Urdu." As a teacher of languages, the sound picture with its measured tempo and magnifying has great possibilities. This is especially a boon where a particular language is known and spoken. Thus, a "Hindi" talkie will prove successful in the whole of the Bombay Presidency, the United Provinces, the Punjab, N. W. F. Provinces, Bengal, some parts of Bihar, Central Provinces, Berar and Hyderabad State, in which Hindi is generally known and followed. But, in a big presidency like Madras, where about 137 permanent Indian picture-houses are operating, and in the provinces of Burma, Orissa, Assam and the island of Ceylon, Hindi is not understood The audiences in these territories, therefore, hardly follow the story or appreciate the song hits. On close observation, it is now established that Indian talkies are not a success in South India, as was anticipated a year ago. In the Andhras also the same state of affairs prevails. But, when the sound pictures are mythological, they will be better patronised for story value in this presidency. About six to seven stations showing Indian talkies in this presidency have a sound reproduction equipment, viz. Madras, Hydrabad (Dn) Bangalore, Mangalore, Coimbatore, Rajahmundry, Trivandrum etc. In other centres, touring reproduction machinery is carried for the exhibition of sound pictures, which is of course a costly job in these days of heavy economic depression. Many a time and oft, the portable set stops producing sound for one reason or other, thus hampering collections at the theatre and getting a bad name in consequence. Dancers, who have sprouted like mushrooms in Madras, are a direct challenge to Indian talkies. So far as this presidency is concerned, the future success of Indian talkies is open to doubt, unless of course the productions are mythological. Apart from the fact that sound-recording in Indian films is defective and song-hits are particularly heard out of tune when the voice is raised, one gets tired of hearing a 100 per cent dialogue and consequently loses one's interest in the picture. Much of the worst confusion will be avoided if sound is clear and reproduction is perfect. This in our talkies seldom happens, except in big cities where the utmost care is taken during the exhibition of sound pictures.

I, therefore, venture to consider it advisable to revert to the old silent technique, narrate the story with pantomine, replete with actions and situations, and sub-titles, and add music notes, sound-effects and dialogues where they would appear, absolutely necessary and harmonious. If I am not seriously mistaken in my view, the prominent American producers are now carefully thinking, after

OUR FASHION NOTES

PUBLIC LIBRARY
2 OCT 1932

A. A black Sari elaborately embroidered with silver.

By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India.*

Photo : - *Wilson Studio ; Bombay.*

CONNEMARA PUBLIC LIBRARY
22 OCT 1932
MADRAS

B. A light green cotton Sari with leaves, in black and a dark green and silver border, worn with a beige blouse.

By courtesy of ***The Illustrated Weekly of India,***

Photo :— *Wilson Studio : Bombay.*

experiment with 100 per cent talkies, to reduce song hits and dialogues substantially, in perference to the old silent technique. There was an attempt made by Mr. Bhavnani some time back to this end, in his half-talkie production "Trapped", but the picture failed. The reason was that the subject was a social one and social stories are out of fashion now-a-days.

(By the courtesy of *Sound & Shadow.*)

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

It is becoming the fashion these days for saris to be heavily bordered, with broad elaborate patterns: but this style seems to obtain more in Northern and Western India, than in Southern parts. Except for Khaddar and Swadeshi saris, those worn in the Madras Presidency have more or less sober, fairly narrow borders. Ladies of the South would do well, therefore, to start a new fashion by having silks heavily embroidered. Here is a picture (*A*) of a black sári elaborately embroidered with silver The pattern is intricate and original, and the conbination of black and silver is at once striking and chaste. A blouse of silver tissue would look well with this sari.

Beautiful colour schemes can be worked out, according to the taste of the wearer, especially as the silk can be chosen and given to a shop to be embroidered as desired. Another pretty colour scheme is given in the picture (*B*) Black leaves are brocaded on a light green cotton sari, and the border is of dark green and silver, while the blouse is of beige. A very pretty combination indeed! Green seems to be the fashion these days, and many of our Indian ladies are going in for light green shades. The other day I saw a pale apple-green Georgette sari, with a delicate black pattern traced on it, and a border of silver and green sewn on it looked extremely neat, delicate and attractive.

Stripes seem to be coming into fashion in the Western world, and I do not see why our Indian women should not wear striped saris. They are very found of using flowered materials, then why not striped? A lady wore a very pretty sari of the softest white silk with red stripes, the other day, and I could not help admiring her taste and originality. Various combinations of colours can be had, according to the wearer's whims and fancies. Sometimes, the lines can be thin, and sometimes slightly thick. A most magnificent creation was exhibited at a sari shop one day, which I shall try to describe here. It was a Benares silk of a delicate champagne tint, with very thin gold lines running right across, and a border of about an inch and a half of pure gold. In olden days, saris used to have gold or silver spots all over them. It is a pity that they are considered old-fashioned now.

It is wrong to say that sari fashions do not change. The deep colours that were used a few years ago, are giving place to pale, rather insipid, colours these days. Also, the patterns of gold woven into the silk were much more gorgeous ten years ago, but now, they are consi-

dered too elaborate and showy to be worn much. But how magnificent they were! I saw one of these saris displayed on the stage the other day, worn by an Indian lady who was acting the part of a Goddess. The material was of cloth of gold shot with deep pink, and it was bordered heavily with gold. It shimmered and shone on the stage, but which woman would dare to wear such rich clothing ordinarily? And yet, such saris would not surely look amiss for dinner functions, when Western women wear sparkling jewels and glimmering dresses!

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

Has your house a homely atmosphere about it, or does it give one the impression of being stiff and forbidding? Have you ever noticed how a house can have a personality of its own, just as much as a human being? There are houses that are untidy and slovenly, and houses that are beautifully clean and neat; there are houses that are homely and comfortable, and houses that are gloomy, sinister, and frightening; there are houses that are hospitable, and houses that can give no welcome to visitors. In fact, a house can have almost as definite a character as a human being. I have just been reading a novel called "The Leering House", in which there is a gloomy, frightening building, that casts a sinister dread on the heroine. The author ends his tale with these words: "One habitation alone remained dark and empty. Was it satisfied, did it wait for other prey? Brood ing, sinister, cruel, mocking—THE LEERING HOUSE."

But how does the personality of a house first express itself? When it is newly built, and is still awaiting its first inhabitants, it is a soulless structure; but the moment someone comes to live in it, it responds to the character of that person, and takes on his or her individuality.

There is no doubt that the mistress of the house is its chief inhabitant, and it is up to her to make her house acquire a porsonality of either cheerful comfort, or frigid aloofness; of hospitality or inhospitality; of beauty or ugliness, of joy or sorrow. A housewife can wield and mould the character of her house according to her wishes, and surely the chief aim of every woman should be that all those who enter her threshold may say? "Here is a home indeed!"

The arrangement of the furniture and the little knick-knacks in a house have a great deal to do with its personality. Chairs and tables should not be placed in stiff symmetry against the walls. They should be arranged in comfortable artistic positions, yet with a certain order, but not too much conventionality. Also, the convenience of the inmates should be seen to. If there are men who smoke, ash trays should be within easy reach of comfortable chairs. The piano and chairs should be so placed, that people can play or read at night without inconvenience; chairs should be near enough to electric fans in order to catch the breeze, and a few foot-stools beneath chairs, to rest

one's feet on, and little tables here and there, would not be out of place. The important factor is that all this comfort should be available, without an appearance of untidiness or the sacrifice of beauty. Artistic taste should always be aimed at, and cheap, flimsy things should not crowd the house. Then again, if there is a library, the books should not be stiff and forbidding, in frightening glass-shelves, but should be placed so as to invite the inhabitants to come and read them, and induce the visitors to look at them. There are some hostesses, who do not like lending their books, fearing that they will be spoilt or not returned, and I must admit that valuable books very often get lost or spoilt through the carelessness of the borrower ; but surely books are theie to be read, and the mistress of the house should take the risk and not grudge lending them. Lastly, there are the pictures to be considered. The chief value of a truly good picture is that it should live with one, and become a true friend, and only real works of art can achieve such a purpose. Cheap prints and unworthy pictures should not therefore be framed, merely as a form of decoration. Yes, the arrangement, furnishing and decoration of a house have a great deal to do with its character, and every woman should strive to make her house as pleasant a place to live in as possible.

But, besides arrangement, there is the way in which a house is run, which can also decide its personality. Too many rules and regulations cause stiffness. There are some people, who insist on having a meal at a definite hour, who insist on sleeping at a fixed time, and who persist on rising at a definite hour. True, regular habits are good; but too much regularity only makes life a burden, and tends to make one prematurely old. There should be a certain amount of give-and-take, and the romance of living should not be entirely abandoned for the sake of rules. Also, one's habits can be relaxed sometimes. For instance, must one always, sit at table and eat a meal ? Sometimes if one is lazy, cannot one sit out on the verandah on a confortable chair, and have a cosy meal served outside. A change of programme is always welcome, a certain amount of unconventionality and ease in life is always cheering, and a certain relaxation of rules always makes one happier . But too much Bohemianism and unconventionality is also bad. The happy mean must be struck, and the chief aim of the mistress of the house should be too make all those who visit her house happy and at ease.

"PADDY"

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

Towards National Health.—by Dr. Anthony Delmege, O. B. E., M. R. C., [William Heinemann, (Medical Books) Ltd., 99 Great Russel St. London.] pp. 234. £. 1-sh. 1/. 93 Illustrations.

The author keeps constantly before us 'the attainment of National Health' and hence devotes more space to the way in which the practical prevention of diseases has slowly developed,

than the symptoms of the maladies from not a few of which we have now been entirely free.

In this book an attempt has been made to outline broadly the main changes which have taken place in health and hygiene from Roman times to the nineteenth century. The chapter dealing with the hygiene of the chief Western civilisations has been placed at the beginning.—*Health.*

Nehal The Musician, and other Tales: *By Snehalata Sen. S. Ganesan, Madras. Pages 143.*

In India, tales have a literary back-ground extending to millenniums, and one of the "late compilations" date back to 1000 A. D., being well-known to story-lovers and students of folk-lore as the "Ocean of stories" (*Katha-Sarit Sagara*), the last great anthology of the Hindu tales of ancient India. No less brilliant and stirring are the tales embedded in the *Bardic Chronicles of Rajasthan* wherein the heroism and chivalry, the romance and haunting charm of the life of Rajput men and women are reflected.

In 1911, *Nehal the Musicain*, considered to be the best story in the series, was translated into English and welcomed in a story magazine published in England. The old Hindu tales of *Sati*, *Uma*, as well as *The Tale of the Buddhist Monk*, display the talent of the authoress, as a narrator of homely tales of Bengal and Eastern India. The *Snake Charmer's Tale* and *Doctor Raghunath* reflect the spirit of a devoted collector of tales. But the stories in which appear the stamp of her personality are brilliant pen-pictures of life in the Rajput-Mughal period. The first and the last tales of the volume, together with the *Curse of the Rakshi* and *Prince Goha*, combine to evoke the atmosphere, the pathos, the terror, the conflict of light and shade of the drama of the Indian *Moyen age.—The Modern Review.*

The Educational system of the ancient Hindus: *By Santosh Kumar Das, M.A., Professor, Tri-Chandra College, Nepal, Calcutta, 1930. Price Rs. 8, pp. 508, published by the author.*

To understand Indian culture, it will not do merely to read its records or the literature presenting that culture. We must understand the social organization and the machinery which produced that culture and was responsible for that magnificent and continuous output, from the Vedas to works in later Sanskrit Pali or Prakrits. For want of an adequate account of Indian education, India is not given any place in the history of education as taught in the West, although she has such a large place in the history of philosophy. And yet India has so much to contribute both to the science and practice of education. This great gap in the knowledge of India of her culture and civilization is now very creditably filled by the laborious work of Prof. Santosh Kumar Das, which has added a new chapter to Indian history. Among the topics or aspects of Indian Education dealt with in the work may be mentioned the following: Home Education: Elementary Education; Secondary and Higher Education, Brahminical and Buddhist; Vocational Education; Female Education; Education of Princes; Educational Institutions and Agencies of different types; State and Society in relation to Education, and the like. On each of these topics, the available sources of different ages and regions have been studied and utilized.—*The Modern Review.*

COOKERY NOTES

Cocoanut Macaroons

Grate 1½ cocoanuts and grind to a smooth paste; add ¼ viss cashew-nuts and ¼ viss almonds, also both ground, but more coarsely. Mix well. Beat up the whites of 2 eggs to a froth and add.

Have a flat sheet to fit your stove; butter lightly and spread buttered paper on it. Drop the mixture in separate balls on the paper, and bake till a light brown. Prepare some icing with sifted sugar, and lime juice and spread over the macaroons when still a little warm. Remove carefully and serve, after icing is dry.

Brown syrup or Treacle.

Dissolve 1 viss, or 3 lbs., of brown sugar in 3 large cups of water, with 1 tablespoon of milk. Boil all together, take off scum, strain and boil again, till thick.

Ginger Cake

Take 1½ lbs of flour and mix in gradually with ¾ lb. butter, 3 oz. of ginger powdered, and 1 teaspoon of soda bi-carbonate. Make a paste, pour into a mould lined with buttered paper, and bake.

NEEDLE WORK NOTES

Fringes.

The fringe should correspond in colour and thickness to the material to which it is applied.

In a simple fringe, cut strands of the length necessary allowing quite a lot extra for knots. Pass both ends of the fringe through a large needle, and thread through the material on the wrong side. Hold the loop open and thread the needle through it. Divide the tassels and join two consecutive halves of 2 fringes with a knot. Join again the halves of each original tassel together.

Another fringe can be made in the following way. Fix the material tightly by weights or pins, taking 4 strands to every tassel; thread from the right side, 5 separate tassels in five holes being arranged in a triangle, with regular intervals between. Holding all the loops together in one hand, pass the ends through and knot.

A twined fringe can be made thus. Divide a tassel, twine each half separately and tightly the way of the thread; then join and twist round in the opposite direction. Secure with a knot. The consecutive halves of two tassels can again be turned and knotted. Then go back again to the original tassels in the 3rd row and knot them.

NEWS & NOTES

The Late Mrs Swarna Kumari Debi

The late Sreematee Swarna Kumari Debi (Mrs. J Ghosal), the great Bengalee litterateur and a pioneer of Women's Movement, education and culture in Bengal, was born of the famous Tagore family of Jorasanko, Calcutta. She was the fourth daughter of the late Maharshi Debendranath Tagore and an elder sister of the poet Rabindranath.

Born in 1856, she would have completed her seventy-sixth year on August 28, 1932.

She was married early and her first daughter was born in 1868. She received her first education at home, and had her literary training and inspiration from her brothers, Dwijendranath and Jyotirindranath, who started the Bengalee monthly magazine, "Bharati" in 1877. Her husband, the late Mr. Janakinath Ghosal, hailed from a respectable Brahmin family of Nuddea and was educated at the Krishnagar College. Here he came into contact with the great reformer, Ramtanu Lahiri, and eventually embraced Brahmoism.

Later on, when Madam Blavatski, Col. Alcott and Mr. A. O. Hume began preaching Theosophy in India, Janakinath became one of their staunch supporters. While attending the All-India Theosophical gathering at Madras in 1884, Mr. Hume suggested to young Janakinath and the late Mr. Narendra Nath Sen of "The Indian Mirror" fame, the idea of having a similar annual, but purely political and all-India. The trio at once set to work, and the first session of the Indian National Congress was held the next year (1885) in Bombay under the presidency of the late Mr. W. C. Bannerjee, when Mr. Ghosal became the Secretary of the All-India Congress Committee, which office he held till his death in 1913.

It was Janakinath's advanced social ideas, combined with those of Swarna Kumari's brother, the late Mr Satyendranath Tagore (the first Indian member of the Indian Civil Service), who had then just returned from England, that encouraged Swarna Kumari to come out of the *purdah* more than half-a-century ago. She is to-day remembered with deep admiration and gratitude by every cultured lady in this Province. Her early efforts in improving the condition of the women-folk in Bengal, when the outlook was gloomy and opposition was so strong, remind us of what Emerson said: "There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many."

She was the first Indian lady journalist, having taken up the editorship of the "Bharati" in 1884. It was then the premier monthly magazine in Bengal. Two years later (1886), she started a Ladies' Association called "Sakhi Samiti".

The sixth session of the Indian National Congress was held in Calcutta and was attended for the first time by Indian lady delegates, one of whom was Mrs. Ghosal.

In 1895, both of her daughters, Sreematee Hiranmayee Debi and Sreematee Sarala Debi, were entrusted with the editorship of the "Bharati," and it was

not until 1906, a year after the marriage of her second daughter. Sreematee Sarala Debi, that she took up the editorship of the magazine again. In 1910, the "Bharati" appeared fully illustrated. During all these years she enriched Bengalee literature with her valuable contributions, as poet, novelist, dramatist and song-writer. In recognition of her eminent services to Bengalee literature, she was awarded the Jagattarini Gold Medal by the University of Calcutta, the other recipients being Rabindranath Tagore, Sarat Chandra Chatterji, Dinesh Chandra Sen, Amrital Bose and Sreematee Kamini Ray. In 1930 when the Bengal Literary Conference held its 29th session at Bhawanipore, Calcutta, she came to occupy its Presidential chair and delivered a most interesting address.

Since then, due to reasons of health, she lived a life of retirement, devoting the greater portion of her time to literary pursuits. Her latest book, "Sahitya-Srot", part I, published only a couple of months ago, has been approved as a text book for the I. A. course by the Calcutta University. Part II of the book was in course of preparation, and even on the day she fell ill, she was engaged in dictating to her secretary portions of it. She was attacked by influenza on Tuesday, June 28, and breathed her last on Sunday, July 3 1932, at about 10-15 a. m.

Awakening of Indian Womanhood.

Indian women to-day are playing their part bravely and well in different spheres of life. Those who have striven for the cause of women's progress deserve our praise. Dr. Kalidas Nag gives in *India and the World* a resume of the activities of both men and women in this direction :

"It is not an accident that the harbinger of the renaissance of modern India, Raja Ram Mohun Roy (1774-1833), made *women's cause* along with the *spiritual unity of India,* the key-stone of the arch of natural reconstruction. Ram Mohun's epoch-making fight for the amelioration of the conditions of India's womanhood, not only forms one of the noblest legacies to the subsequent generation of Indian national workers, but also marks an era in the history of modern Asiatic Renaissance. The programme of Ram Mohun was pushed forward in diverse fields of woman emancipation by our great national leaders, like Maharshi Debendranath Tegore, Pundit Iswarchandra Vidyasagar, Keshabchandra Sen, Mr. Justice Madhab, Govind Ranade and others, till at last the *equality of men and women* was promulgated in unequivocal terms in the constitution of the Brahma Samaj, as early sa 1870-71. Creative artists of modern India through their writings invariably championed the cause of the progress of our womenfolk: and the passionate love for our mothers found its grand literary apotheosis in "Bande Mataram" (Hail ! Mother India), by our literary pioneer, Bankimchandra Chatterjee. The first women's college in India, the Bethune College, was founded at least twelve years before the establishment of our first University in Calcutta in 1858, and the first woman graduate of the University was accorded, so the story runs, with a salute of guns from Fort WIlliam and an ode of appreciation from the leading poet of that period, Hemchandra Banerjee. Two timid daughters of Bengal, Aru Dutt

and Toru Dutt, visiting Europe, gained reputation as writers, both in English and French, and one of them has left an unfinished novel in French. Women doctors, educationists, editors of newspapers and social reformers have already proved their worth as perfect equals of men, even before the first Indian National Congress held in Bombay in 1885, with Mr. W. C. Bonnerji as the President, when there was a large gathering of the fair sex.

The case for social reform in modern India was mainly the case for the reform of women's status, and the Congress Presidents from the very beginning had to take full account of the "mature opinions of the educated classes in India on some of the more important and pressing *social questions* of the day' (First Congress, 1885, Object C.). In the 8th Congress held in Allahabad in 1892, Mr. W. C. Bonnerji, President for the second time, had to offer an explanation for not making social reform the chief plank in the Congress platform. Towards the end of that century, Mr. A. M. Bose in the Madras Session of the Congress in 1898 paid a most glowing tribute to India's womanhood by adding a veritable Mother Cult to politics through his concluding peroration on the *Motherland.*

Indian women had already started to enquire about their sisters in other parts of the Orient as well as in women's movements throughout the world. A few noble representives of Occidental womanhood have come forward to champion the cause of their Oriental sisters. Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Annie Besant of the Theosophical Society, Sister Nivedita and Sister Christine of the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Mission, and Mrs. Foster of Honolulu, a loyal friend of Buddhist revival, amongst others, have found their permanent place in the heart of the Indian people. No wonder, therefore, that while England and several other Occidental countries were ridiculing and often actively opposing the cause of women's progress with most reactionary measures, a daughter of the nation of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Annie Besant, was unanimously elected the first woman-President of the Indian National Congress of 1917 in Calcutta. That it was not a mere spectacular move, but a genuine and inevitable culmination of a century-old evolution, was proved by the election in 1926 of another noble and muse-inspired daughter of India, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, as the second woman President of the Congress, in one of the crises of our national history.

The Modern Review.

"Women and Executive work"

At a meeting of the Athenaeum held at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, Srimati V. Parvati in the course of her speech said that women were no longer to be construed the shadows of men, that in accordance with the spirit of the times women all over the world were coming to possess the qualities necessary for leadership, like courage, dexterity, influence and personality, and that, given the same facilities that were enjoyed by men, women were bound to acquit themselves creditably in every walk of life. The women champions in the various outdoor games have disproved the assumption that women were not suited to undertake executive work and that such women, as were fitted for executive work, should be given an opportunity to

occupy all positions in life. She concluded by saying that the role of women in the history of the world gave them an index to the possibilities of women in respect of executive jobs.

After a brief reply to the discussion by the initiator, Mrs. H. S. Hensman observed that experience was the keynote of good executive work, that judged by it certain lines of executive work were best fitted for women, as certain other lines of work were suited to men, but that women charged with the responsibility of keeping up homes and rearing children could not undertake spectacular types of executive work like other women without any such responsibility. Sister Subbulakshmi observed that there were various aspects of executive work, that physical strength was not an indispensable qualification for executive work, that, as men were evolving greater and greater mental powers with the submergence of physical brutality, women in the course of evolution have been proving themselves mentally stronger than men, and that efficient executive work could be done by co-operative endeavour on the part of men and women fitted for executive work.

Women's Point of View.

The Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Guy Warman) spoke on "Partnership between men and women." Conditions had changed greatly since he was young, he said, and men and women to-day were doing the common work of the world together as never before.

Such a change had but two attitudes of mind out of date and they must go. One had gone already—the chattel notion of woman which men had held so long, in which woman was regarded as only one of many valuable possessions a man might have, and not always the most valuable, as the Mosaic law showed. The other attitude had not gone yet, though it was beginning to—that was, sex antagonism. What he would like to see in the world was a partnership between men and women on level terms of opportunity and contribution, not of rights.

There was one *caveat* he must make because he was an old-fashioned person. He believed there was still a place for chivalry in the relations of man to woman and also in those of woman to man. He liked to think that sex could be forgotten in the common partnership—he was excluding the unique partnership of marriage from consideration—and he would be grateful if woman would not insist too much on the woman's point of view. The same applied to man.

He thought women would be wise not to lay too much stress on the need for sex representation in the various departments of human life *qu ι* sex. If one made too many concessions one got into a state of society that was either feminine or masculine. If women went into the world with the idea of getting into every department of life, in order to show the women's point of view, they were jeopardising the perfect partnership.

It was not antithesis that was wanted but synthesis, not competition, but comradeship. Sex antagonism was one of the things the world needed to be rid of, just as it was trying to rid itself of the antagonism of race and nationality and class.

College Girls on Marriage.

A test recently made by Dr. Sidney A. Cook, head of the Department of psycholoyy at New Jersey College for Women, U. S. A., to ascertain the attitude of the modern college girl toward marital problems, revealed that there are conservatives as well as radicals among the younger generation. Some students advocated marriage for financial security, while others maintined that love is the only real foundation for a successful marriage.

Some students declared intelligence was the vital thing in a happy marriage, while others deemed it a minor factor. One girl said, 'Among people I know I have seen more happy marriages among the unintelligent than among the intelligent.' Another decried all formulae for selecting a mate and declared, 'When it comes down to a personal test usually one factor influences a decision, and it may be blue eyes '

Other comments offered were: 'I wish parents who have been disappointed in mariage would not try to make their children cynical,' and 'More stress should be laid on individual development during marriage; too many persons sacrifice their personalities to those of their mates,' and 'Too many young people are getting married at a moment's notice and getting divorced the same way.'

Stndents in turn asked Dr. Cook: 'Is it important for married persons to have the same religion?' 'What are the prospects for success in marriage if the woman works?' 'Why not more discussion about breaking up a marriage?' 'Might not the courtship period be discussed to advantage, since so much of the success of marriage depends on it?' and 'Should persons still in school and in love marry?'

Women Workers in Japan

The *Japan Magazine* has an interesting note on the increase of women workers in Japan:

"An interesting, if not disturbing, feature of Japanese civilization at present is the rate at which women are supplanting men in various occupations formerly served by male workers. This is especially true of such callings as clerks, bus and train conductors and so on. The wages, which women command, are so much lower than what men receive that the present economic depression gives them preference. At present, the lowest wage is for a young housemaid of 15 who will get 5 *yen* a month and food, while the highest wage will be 200 *yen* for an expert lady secretary to a prosperous business man. Housemaids over 20 years of age with good experience get over 15 *yen* a month and food. Women bus conductors get from 50 to 80 *yen* a month, according to age and experience with pay for overtime. Barbers' assistants get from 10 to 20 *yen* a month with food; while booking clerks are paid from 20 to 30 *yen* a month and have to make up any deficits in the day's sales of tickets through their own mistakes in accounting. Such mistakes are frequent. The girl at the gasoline stand gets an average salary and a bonus on the amount of petrol sold. Elevator girls get about 30 *yen* a month, and waitresses at restaurants about 20 *yen* a month with a commission of ten per cent on sales. Girls are also employed for collecting assessments for insurance companies

and charity associations, going about on bicycles all day. Most of the above workers do eight hours a day. The number of unemployed among women is quite large however; and of course among men the unemployed are still larger. Yet, as in England, if a housewife wants a good maid, she has some difficulty in finding one; and, when she finds a good housemaid, she asks about 50 *yen* a month."—*The Indian Review*.

According to Reuter, a woman has acted as architect, clerk of works and sometimes as a workman, for the building of one of the most picturesque little English churches in South Africa.

She is Mrs. Bertha Everard, the South African artist. Mrs. Everard taught herself the craft of prospecting for building stone and spent days wandering over the veldt in search of suitable material.

The church, which is 65 ft, by 20 ft., has now been consecrated by the Bishop of Johannesburg.

* * * *

Miss Winifred Drinkwater of Renfrew, aged 19, is the youngest professional pilot. She completed her "B" licence tests at the Cinque Ports Flying Club at Lymbne. At 10-30 a.m. she left Lymbne for Stag Lane, then went to Bristol where she remained in the air for an hour at a height of 7,000 ft.

Miss Winifred Drinkwater joined the Scottish Flying Club when she left school at the age of 17. She saw the possibilities of a career and took a course of engineering. The regulations would not allow her to qualify for a professional licence until she was nineteen. Immediately after her birthday she started.

The hardest test is a night flight from Croydon to Lymbne. Although the flood lights had failed, Miss Drinkwater landed "perfectly right on the mark".

* * * * *

Miss Marjorie Meggitt, a young woman sculptor, has been given a place of honour in this year's Royal Academy. Her group "Morning", which was awarded the Rome Scholarship, forms the centre-piece of one of the galleries.

Miss Meggitt, still in her early twenties, began the study of sculpture in 1925. She entered the Royal Academy Art School at the beginning of 1928 and in the following year won the gold medal and the Edward Stott travelling studentship valued at £ 200, the premier award of the Royal Academy.

In the same year she won the Landseer Scholarship and other prizes. She then went to Rome to pursue her studies and as a result of her success is to continue her work there.

The Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Glasgow has awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize for the year 1931 for the best novel or work of that nature, to Miss Kate O'Brien for her book, "Without my Cloak".—*Stri-Dharma.*

Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention

The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Madras Division, was held at the Baldwin Girls' High School, Bangalore, on September 15 and 16. Delegates

came from Ootacamund, Coonoor, Madras, Kolar, Guindy, Ramachandrapuram, Guntur. Chicacole, Parlakimedi, and Bangalore. Immediately after the reception, the annual public meeting was held in the big school hall, at which Mrs. M. H. Harrison gave an interesting and informative address on the opium problem. Dr. D. S. Ramachandra Rao followed with a description of prohibition, as he saw it in practice during his recent visit to America. In his opinion, prohibition, though not without its faults, has been a success.

Among the resolutions passed by the Convention, the most notable is:—

'Resolved that this Convention of the Madras Division of the Women's Christian Temperance Union record its emphatic protest against the action of the Madras Government in re-opening the toddy and arrack shops in the Tirnchengodu and Rasipuram Taluks of Salem District, without giving the prohibition experiment a fair trial, and direct that this resolution be forwarded to the authorities concerned.'

Advance of Women

The 'Association of Sisters' (Sakhi Sat Sang), —an institution started last year in Hyderabad, Sind, by Sadhu Vaswani for the social, cultural and spiritual advance of sisters, celebrated its first *utsav* with great enthusiasm in the sacred Janmastami season. The *utsav* celebrated for a week has awakened a new interest in the Association and has generated a new enthusiasm for the cause of women.

The 'Sakhi Conference' sat for 3 days in the spacious Guru Sangat Park for ladies.

Resolutions were moved, seconded, and supported by sisters. The resolutions referred to matters of social and religious reform. One of the resolutions was a sober criticism of current education. Another resolution, adopted unanimously, was the one bearing on 'The Sakhi fund', which is needed to enable the Association to have a modest building of its own and for which Rs. 25,000 are immediately needed. The municipal managing committee has already passed a resolution recommending the corporation to grant two plots to the Association to carry on and extend its work. The education and social service departments of the Institution are already doing much useful work; and the Bands of Sisters visiting houses give provisions, clothes, medicine and money to a number of poor families.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

JULY.

Dr. Bhandarkar, Cannanore	1	0	0
English High School for Girls, Parur	2	8	0
Miss E. Gabriel, Ceylon	2	2	0
Miss Gopala Menon, Madras	2	14	0
Mrs. D. Hasan, Nagpur	3	12	0
Rev. F. Kingsbury, Ceylon	2	8	0
Maharajah's College of Science, Trivandrum	1	6	8
Mrs. K. T. Mathew, Mangalore	2	8	0

C. R. Nair, Esq, Belathikulam	3	12	0
P. Subramanyam Iyer Esq., Dindigul	2	14	0
Rao Bahadur, C. S. Subramanyam Avl, Mayavaram	2	14	0
Dr. Thampi Pillai, Ceylon	2	8	0
S. R. Williams Esq., Ceylon	2	2	0

AUGUST.

1.	W. Adiseshiah Esq., Cawnpore	3	8	0
2.	Mrs. S. Anantan, Kotagiri	3	2	0
3.	Mrs. G. W. Armstrong, Samalkot	3	0	0
4.	M. J. Abdul Khader Sahib Esq., Trichinopoly	3	0	0
5.	Dewan Bahadur Arunachalam Mudaliar Avergal, Madras	3	12	0
6.	Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur Sahiba, Simla	3	0	0
7.	Dr. D. T. Amarasingham, Ceylon	3	4	0
8.	Mrs. Balm, Madras	3	2	0
9.	Dr. Mrs. Chinnappa, Madras	3	2	0
10.	Capron Hall Schools, Madura	3	0	0
11.	Mrs. Benard Carr, Tinnevelly	3	2	0
12.	Mrs. Chandran, Penukonda	3	8	0
13.	Mrs. T. R. David, Ceylon	3	2	0
14.	Lady Devadoss, Madras	3	2	0
15.	D. Daniel Esq., Madras	3	2	0
16.	Mrs. Ekambaram, Palamcottah	3	2	0
17.	Sandana Gounder Esq., Tinnevelly	3	0	0
18.	Mrs. Gopalaswamy Naidu, Bellary	3	2	0
19.	Mrs. Gouramma Ghosh, Calcutta	3	2	0
20.	Mrs. H. S. Hensman, Madras	3	2	0
21.	J. E. Hensman Esq., Madras	3	2	0
22.	J. J. Hensman Esq., Ceylon	3	2	0
23.	Mrs. P. V. Isaac, Pusa	3	2	0
24.	K. P. Janardhana Rao Esq., Madura	3	2	0
25.	Mrs. Jesudasan, Madras	3	2	0
26.	Mrs. M. Kesava Pai, Madras	3	0	0
27.	D. Kirubaimani, Esq., Tanjore	3	0	0
28.	N. R. Krishnamma Esq., Anantapur	3	2	0
29.	V. N. Kudwa Esq., Sivaganga	3	2	0
30.	Ladies' Recreation Club, Rajahmandry	3	2	0
31.	Mrs. Ponnen Lukhose, Trivandrum	3	0	0
32.	Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras	3	0	0
33.	Dr. Hilda Lazarus, Madras	3	2	0
34.	Mrs. Larsen, Bangalore	3	2	0
35.	Mrs. Loganadhan, Bangalore	3	0	0
36.	Miss Lowe, Coimbatore	3	0	0
37.	T. C. Mathew Esq., Tiruvella	4	2	0
38.	Mrs. R. S. Meenaram, Jaipur	3	12	0

39.	Mrs. S. V. Ram Mohan, Banna	2	0	0
40.	Mrs. S. K. Mohideen, Tanjore	3	2	0
41.	Methodist Girl's High School, Meerut	3	4	0
42.	Mrs. C. K. Menon, Puthur	3	8	0
43.	K. C. Manavedan Rajah Esq., Bangalore	3	2	0
44.	Sriman Rao Bahadur D. Mahanty Mahasayo, Anantapur	3	8	0
45.	Mrs. M. R. Menon, Vellore	3	2	0
46.	Mrs. K. T. Mathew, Mangalore	2	2	0
47.	Mrs. D. S. Nair, Yelahanka	3	2	0
48.	Mrs. Philip, Sankeri	3	2	0
49.	Miss M. Paul, Madras,	3	2	0
50.	Miss K. Parukutty Amma, Palghat	3	2	0
51.	Mrs. Ponnuswamy, Tinnevelly	3	2	0
52.	E. V. Padmanabhan Pillai Esq., Mangalore	3	2	0
53.	Miss Powers, Lovedale	3	2	0
54.	N. R. Pillai Esq., Calcutta	3	2	0
55.	The Hon. Mr F. X. Pereira, Ceylon	3	0	0
56.	Mrs. Runganadhan, Chidambaram	3	2	0
57.	The Senior Rani of Kollengode, Palghat	3	2	0
58.	Mrs. P. Rajagopalan, Bellary	3	2	0
59.	The Rajah of Sivaganga, Sivaganga	3	0	0
60.	A. Ramaswami Das Esq., Tenkasi	3	0	0
61.	Mrs. Ratna Bai, Ceylon	3	2	0
62.	Mrs. A. S. Rajkumari, Bangalore	3	12	0
63.	Mrs. A. R. Rasiah, Ceylon	3	0	0
64.	Miss Sage, Madras	10	8	0
65.	P. Subbiah Mudaliar Esq., Nalladi	3	8	0
66.	Mrs. Savarimuthu, Ceylon	3	2	0
67.	C. Sittampalam Esq., Ceylon	3	2	0
68.	S. Samuel Pillai Esq., Madura	3	2	0
69.	Mrs. Swaminadhan, Madras	3	2	0
70.	S. Sundaram Pillai Esq., Sindupundurai	3	12	0
71.	P. V. Subramaniam Iyer Esq., Dindigul	3	2	0
72.	Mrs. Schmidt, Tanjore,	3	2	0
73.	Miss P. Thuraisingham, Madras	2	14	0
74.	Mrs. Daniel Thomas, Tinnevelly	3	2	0
75.	Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari, Madras	3	2	0
76.	C. Vedagiri Rao Saheb, Mangalore	3	12	0
77.	Mrs. K. R. Vedamuthu, Tinnevelly	3	2	0
78.	Mrs. Valliammal, Madras	3	2	0
79.	Mrs. Roche Victoria, Tuticorin	3	0	0
80.	Mrs. Venugopal, Alwaye	3	2	0
81.	Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu, Pithapuram	3	2	0
82.	Mrs. R. R. Williams, Madras	3	0	0